

THE ART-JOURNAL.



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BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XCVI. THOMAS FAED, R.A., H.R.S.A.



WE borrow from Mr. Ottley's supplement to the last edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," the following account of the early life of the distinguished artist whose name heads this paper.—"Thomas Faed was born at Burley Mill, in the picturesque stewardry of Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, in the year 1826. His father, who was a man of considerable mental powers, and with a genius for mechanical contrivance which he had no opportunity of developing, there carried on business as an engineer and millwright. The beauty of the surrounding scenery,

and the interesting subjects with which it was peopled, soon caught the attention of the embryo artist, who, in the summer months, when the mill was standing, and there was no grain preparing in the kiln, was in the habit of converting the smoke-begrimed apartment into a studio, where, like a second Rembrandt, with a fair top-light, and a dark background, he painted assiduously from the ragged boys who flitted in the rustic world around him." His father died while the incipient painter was yet in his boyhood; but genius had already marked the family for its own. His elder brother, John, who had achieved eminence as a painter in Edinburgh, recognised the drawing talent of Thomas, and invited him to his house in 1843, where he entertained him for some years, nurturing the gifts which were so apparent in him. Never was family love so happily displayed as in this case, when the Royal Academician of the future might, if he were asked, acknowledge with pride and satisfaction that he owed in great measure his position as an artist to a brother's affectionate solicitude. Our youthful aspirant laboured for some years with assiduity in the Edinburgh School of Design, a very short time under Sir William Allan, but principally under the late Thomas Duncan, and was annually rewarded at the competition for prizes in various departments. The earliest work he ventured to exhibit was a water-colour drawing, 'The Old English Baron,' but he afterwards devoted himself to oil-painting.

Mr. Faed advanced so rapidly in his profession that in 1849, when he had scarcely reached his twenty-third year, he was made an Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy. Among the various works he painted at this period of his life was one that has become widely known by the engraving from it, 'Sir Walter Scott and his Friends at Abbotsford.' He made his appearance in London as an exhibitor in 1851, while he was still residing in Edinburgh, by sending to our Royal Academy three pictures, 'Cottage Piety,' 'My Father urged me sair,' from *Auld Robin Gray*, and 'The First Step.' In 1852 he came to London, where he has since resided. That year he contributed to the Academy-exhibition 'Burns and Highland Mary,' and 'THE PATRON AND PATRONESS'



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

THE VISIT TO THE VILLAGE-SCHOOL.

[Engraved by Stephen Miller.]

'VISIT TO THE VILLAGE-SCHOOL,' now the property of Mr. Graham, Skelmorley, near Glasgow, and engraved on this page. As a subject admitting infinite variety of character these village-schools have often been visited—at least mentally—by genre-painters both English and foreign. Mr. Faed's version, though

the work of a young artist, will bear favourable comparison with the best.

In 1853 there appeared at the Academy from the pencil of Mr. Faed, 'The Early Lesson' and 'Sophia and Olivia'; the latter very graceful in composition—the heads, draperies, and accessories



all painted with the nicest finish. In the following year he contributed to the same gallery, 'Morning—Reapers going out,' and 'Peggy,' from Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*: both these pictures were spoken of in very laudable terms in our review of the exhibition of the year. From that of 1855 may be dated the commencement of the popularity Mr. Faed has ever since held in public opinion; for the year produced 'The Mitherless Bairn,' a composition which the hands of engravers have scattered far and wide over the world (an engraving from the original sketch was published in the *Art-Journal* in 1866, under the title of 'The Orphan': the work was then so fully described as to render any further reference to it now quite unnecessary); and two less important works, 'Children going to Market' and 'From our own Correspondent': the latter represents an old woman seated in her cottage and reading the *Times*. These pictures of single figures are by no means the least valuable of Mr. Faed's impersonations. 'Home and the Homeless,'—a composition of similar import to 'The Mitherless Bairn,'—and 'Highland Mary,' were

hung in the Academy exhibition of 1856. 'The First Break in the Family,' his solitary contribution in 1857, has never faded from our recollection ever since we saw it on the walls of the Academy: its rich and powerful colouring, the various feelings indicated on the countenances of the figures, its general poetic treatment, with the rainbow arching over the landscape and lighting up the cottage-door from which the boy has just departed to seek his fortune in the world, all combine to make us envious of the possessor of this most covetable picture. The year following Mr. Faed exhibited four works: 'The Sunbeams,' 'A Listener never hears gude o' himself,' 'The Welcome,' and 'The Ayrshire Lassie'—each excellent in its kind.

One of the two compositions sent by this artist to the Academy in 1859 has, like many others by him, been brought within the knowledge of thousands by means of engraving: we allude to his 'Sunday in the Backwoods,' a work, as we said of it at the time, "of the rarest excellence in its line of subject, . . . it is the signal production of its author." The other work was 'My ain Fireside.'



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

HIDE AND SEEK.

[Engraved by Stephen Miller.

Who does not remember Mr. Faed's semi-nude little urchin seated on a table, waiting the termination of his poor mother's almost interminable task of mending 'His only Pair'—of trowsers, worn by time, and tattered through scrambles amid brake and briars? the only work Mr. Faed exhibited in 1860; but it was quite enough to attract crowds before it, as one of the great features of the gallery.

In 1861 Mr. Faed had conferred upon him an honour which, not unjustly, he might have received two or three years previously; he was elected Associate of the Academy. His sole exhibited picture of the year—and it is a noble one—was 'From Dawn to Sunset.' We could write a page or two about this most instructive picture, one of the very highest class, which has not inappropriately been called "a domestic reading of Shakspeare's Seven Ages of Man. . . . a deep domestic epic, worked out with marvellous skill of Art."

So far as relates to size of canvas his contributions to the Academy in 1862 were on a comparatively small scale; but each one

of the four pictures he exhibited would grace any gallery. They were 'Kate Nickleby,' 'A Flower from Paddy's Land'—both of them single figures—and 'New Wars to an Old Soldier': the last represents a veteran of the army, who is decorated with the medal for Waterloo, half-asleep in a chair, while his daughter reads to him an account of some recent engagement—possibly in the Crimea; a third figure, a little boy, is at play near his grandfather. With these the artist sent the only portrait we ever remember to have seen from his hand—a capital one of the son of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. Three pictures, also small in size, were Mr. Faed's contingent to the Academy in the year following. 'Train up a Child' is the text from which Mr. Faed discoursed pictorially on one of the first duties of humble housewifery: a mother and young daughter are busy with needles and thread on sundry articles of wearing-apparel. 'The Silken Gown,' is a version of the old Scotch song "An ye shall walk in silk attire." 'An Irish Orange-girl' completes the triad of pictures—all admirably painted.

'Our Washing-Day' and 'Baith Father and Mother' were exhi-

bited in 1864: the former some buxom lassies chatting and laughing over their wash-tubs; the latter the interior of a village shoemaker's workshop, whose occupier holds a motherless child on his knees while he prepares her for school by gently putting a pair of gloves on her hands, while her schoolfellows wait the completion of the humble toilet. A touching subject this, and worked out with a refinement of feeling and of artistic quality most commendable. The year did not close without seeing Mr. Faed elected a Royal Academician. He is also an Honorary Member of the Royal Scottish Academy.

'The Last of the Clan,' exhibited in 1865, was referred to in our journal of that date, as the "greatest" work Mr. Faed had put forth since his 'From Dawn to Sunset':—"A touching story is here

told of the last small remnant of a once great and powerful clan. . . . The subject is well-chosen for the display of the painter's specialities; it gives him the opportunity of grouping effectively men stricken in years, aged women bowed in sorrow, maidens melting into tears—characters which dispose into a homely and heartfelt picture of Scottish nationality."

The limited space at our command warns us to rest contented with the mere enumeration of the pictures subsequently exhibited at the Academy by Mr. Faed. They are—his diploma work—'Ere Care begins,' and 'Potluck,' in 1866; 'The Poor, the Poor Man's Friend,' in 1867; 'Worn-out,' 'The Flower o' Dunblane,' and 'The Cradle,' in 1868. In the year following he sent five examples—the largest number he ever exhibited at one time:



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

JEANNIE DEANS AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

[Engraved by Stephen Miller.]

'Homeless,' 'Only Herself,' 'Letting the Cow into the Corn,' 'Faults on both sides,' and 'Donald McTavish:' and last year, 'When the Day is gone' and 'The Highland Mother.' Any one of these works would make the reputation of an artist who had not already reached renown.

'HIDE AND SEEK,' one of the subjects we have engraved, has not, we believe, ever been exhibited. It tells its own tale, and exhibits more of the sunny side of cottage life than the painter usually shows us.

'JEANNIE DEANS AND THE DUKE OF ARGYLL' is a small canvas belonging to Mr. Fox, of Alderley Edge, who has frequently given us access to his well-chosen collection for this and other kindred purposes. The picture is little more than a finished sketch,

masterly in execution, and a gem in colour. Readers of "The Heart of Midlothian" will scarcely fail to recognise the subject. The original work is in the possession of Mr. Campbell, of Blythwood.

We have offered but scanty justice to an artist whose genius and well-deserved popularity merit more ample acknowledgment: yet what can be done within restricted measurement when so many of his works furnish texts for lengthened discourse? As a delineator of Scottish life in its more humble phases, he will always rank with his great countryman, Wilkie; and we think Mr. Faed would acknowledge a higher compliment could scarcely be paid him. In largeness of style and manner, he has, however, the advantage over Wilkie.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

A MODEL CATALOGUE.*

We have already reviewed the lectures of the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, and are glad to find that he has issued a catalogue of the series of examples illustrating those lectures, placed in the University galleries. This collection will consist of three divisions: the standard, of 400 pieces; the educational; and the reference—the two last to be indefinitely extended. At the time of the publication of the catalogue about 300 pieces were placed in the galleries, sufficient for introductory study. Our space will only allow us to make a few quotations from this catalogue. In taking up a work by Mr. Ruskin one naturally looks for expressions of his admiration, and thorough appreciation of Turner, and in this work we find the same. He gives (2) the 'Junction of the Greta and Tees at Rokeby' as a "faultless example of Turner's work at the time when it is most exemplary. It is an unrivalled example of *chiar-oscuro* of the most subtle kind, obtained by the slightest possible contrast, and by consummate skill in the management of gradation." 'Brignal Banks on the Greta, near Rokeby,' is "among the loveliest of all Turner's local landscapes;" and the engraving shows the peculiar attainments of recent line-engraving in England—namely, the retention of local colour and subdued tones of light. The treatment of the little glen by Turner is "entirely characteristic both of his own temper throughout life, and of the pensiveness of the great school of *chiaroscuro*ists to which he belongs." In another place he tells his pupils to put out of their heads any idea of there being tricks or secrets in Turner's colouring. "Flat wash on white paper, of the shape that it should be, and the colour it should be, that is his secret." Of an early drawing by Turner, when he was fifteen or sixteen, of a Gothic mansion, he says, "Try either the forms of the white clouds in colour, or those of the building in pencil, and you will soon know what to think of the assertion that 'Turner could not draw.'"

The professor considers the *Melancholia* of Albert Dürer "the best type of the spirit of labour in which the greater number of strong men at the present day have to work. Nevertheless, I must warn you against overrating the depth of feeling in which the grave or terrible designs of the masters of the sixteenth century were executed. . . . Albert Dürer has had the credit for deeper feeling than ever influenced him; he was essentially a Nürnberg craftsman, with much of the instinct for manufacture of toys on which the commercial prosperity of his native town has been partly founded; he is, in fact, almost himself the whole town of Nürnberg, become one personality (only without avarice); sometimes, in the exquisitely skillful, yet dreamily passive way in which he renders all that he saw, great things and small alike, he seems to me himself a kind of automaton, and the most wonderful toy that Nürnberg ever made." He gives Dürer's 'Knight and Death' (9) as an example of perfect delineation by the school of *chiar-oscuro*. The plate has been interpreted as the victory of human patience over death and sin; but Mr. Ruskin thinks later critics are right in supposing it to be the oft-mentioned *Nemesis*, and that the patience and victory are meant to be Death's and the Fiend's. He thinks 'Adam and Eve' (10) his best plate in point of execution, and next to it may be placed the coat of arms with the skull. The latter is placed No. 36 in the educational series, and he considers it the best of all his engravings for any endeavour at imitation. Two woodcuts from Dürer's series of the Apocalypse are given, and these Mr. Ruskin evidently appreciates. That illustrating chaps. xvii. and xviii. he thinks Dürer in his "sympathy with whatever part of the passion of the Reformation was directed against the vices of the Roman Church, but not against its faith," meant to indicate "the contentment of men of the world in a religion which at that time permitted them to retain their pride and their evil pleasures," and the monk introduced to express "the superstition which could

not be disturbed by any evidence of increasing sin in the body of the Church."

Raphael's 'Marriage of the Virgin' (16), in the Brera, at Milan, is described as "one of the most beautiful works of Raphael's early time; but its merit is rather to be considered as the final result of the teaching and practice of former schools, than as an achievement of the master himself." We are told of the figure of 'Justice' (18), in the Vatican fresco, that Raphael (unlike Giotto) was not thinking of Justice at all, but only to put a charming figure in a graceful posture:—"The work, however, is one of his finest, as far as merely artistic qualities are concerned, and is in the highest degree learned and skilful, but neither strong nor sincere." His 'Parnassus' (20) "represents the character of the same master's conceptions in his strongest time—full of beauty, but always more or less affected; every figure being cast into an attitude either of academical grace or of exaggeratedly dramatic gesture."

Correggio's peculiarities are well hit off. Speaking of his 'Sketch for the Assumption at Parma' (13), Mr. Ruskin says, "It is splendid, but, like all Correggio's works, affected; and, while his skill remains unrivalled, his affectations have been borrowed by nearly all subsequent painters, who have made it their special endeavour to represent graceful form, as the mannerisms of the religious schools have been imitated by men who had no part in their passion, until it is too commonly thought impossible to express either sentiment or devotion without inclining the heads of the persons represented to one side or the other, in the manner of Correggio or Perugino." In this series (the standard) 31 to 40 illustrate the school of delineation in which the drawing is chiefly wrought with the point of the brush; and 41 to 50 represents the work of the greatest master of painting by whom the brush is used in a broad manner—the latter being masters of portraiture, as Vandyck, Reynolds, Velasquez, and Titian.

Commenting upon the 'Resurrection' of Semele (201), Mr. Ruskin says:—"There is no question that throughout the best periods of Greek mural design, the colours were few and grave, and the merit of the composition almost as strictly dependent on the purity of the terminal lines as in the best vases; neither is there any doubt that the precision of this terminal line is executively the safeguard of noble Art in all ages; and in requesting the student to practise the difficult exercises in drawing with the brush which are placed in the educational series, my purpose is not to relax the accuracy of his use of the pen, but to bring precision and elasticity into his laying in of colour. The manner of execution resulting from the use of the style, or any other incisive or modelling instrument, on wax and clay, and which entirely governs the early system, both of Greek and Italian mural-painting, is to be considered together with the various functions of incised lines on any solid substance, from Egyptian *bas-relief* to finished line-engraving. The pen or any other instrument of pure delineation is always best used when with the lightness of the brush, and the brush always best used when either at its point or edge, it is moving with the precision of the pen. . . . The Semele and Dionysus of this noble period represent the fruitful, as distinct from other powers of the sky and earth; Semele being the sun-heated cloud which dissolves in beneficent rain, distinguished from the wandering and shadowy cloud represented by Hermes."

One more quotation on the change in Greek conception of the Deity, and we have done:—"The gods are at first thought of only as vital embodiments of a given physical force, but afterwards as high personal intelligences capable of every phase of human passion. They are first conceived as in impetuous and ceaseless action; afterwards only in deliberate action or in perfect repose. They are first conceived under grotesque forms, implying in the designer a certain savage earnestness incapable of admitting or even perceiving jest; afterwards they are conceived by deliberately selective imagination, under forms of beauty which imply in the designer a relative perception and rejection of all that is vulgar and ludicrous."

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

THE DUEL INTERRUPTED.

Marcus Stone, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.

THIS picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1868, was unquestionably the best work Mr. Stone had painted up to that date: his two subsequent productions, 'The Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth obliged to attend Mass, by her Sister Mary,' exhibited in 1869; and 'Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn observed by Queen Katherine,' his last year's contribution, have, as certainly, largely added to the reputation he acquired by 'The Duel.' These subjects all evince a higher range of thought and motive than any of his antecedent works, with more matured power, of delineating character and expression, united to greater vigour of execution and knowledge of the force of colour by simple contrasts and harmonious arrangement. It seems to us that this artist, if he only uses his talents in a manner commensurate with the ability he has shown, is now in a fair way to place himself in the ranks of our best living painters of history, or quasi-history.

We have studied 'The Duel Interrupted' to find if we could make a story out of the materials of the composition which might bear some relation to the intention of the painter. Artists, we know, often leave the reading of their works to the judgment or the fancy of those who look at them; and Mr. Stone appears to have done so in this case; for there is nothing on the canvas to lead the spectator to any definite solution of the scene it exhibits. The place where the intended combatants have met is the front of a ruinous and deserted cottage, selected, no doubt, as best suited to screen from observation. We can discover no clue to the position occupied by the principal *dramatis personæ* with respect to each other, nor to the cause which has led to a hostile meeting: the younger belligerent is, however, of the Hotspur type, fiery and impetuous, eager for blood; the other—calm and collected, with a saddened expression of countenance, as if conscious that his superior skill as a swordsman and coolness of temper must give him advantage over his opponent, perhaps to the taking away of his life to ensure his own—awaits the onset with comparative imperturbability. The young lady, who with her confidential servant, the old woman, has followed the duellists to their place of meeting, may possibly be the daughter of the one, and the lover of the other, and also the cause of hostilities between them. She has thrown herself in front of the younger, earnestly beseeching him to desist from the encounter, while her companion, with hands tightly clasped, makes a similar appeal to his opponent. Behind the latter is his second, arguing the point with the old lady; while the old "leech," who has brought to the ground all things necessary for a case of operative surgery, evidently regards the interruption as an interference with his professional duties, and likely to deprive him of a lucrative job. The burly figure on the extreme left of the picture is the younger man's "friend," looking very much as if he felt his position not quite comfortable.

The composition is admirably put together, and each figure has its own individuality forcibly expressed. It shows, moreover, an originality of conception which is not the least of its merits.

* CATALOGUE OF EXAMPLES ARRANGED FOR ELEMENTARY STUDY IN THE UNIVERSITY GALLERIES. BY JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1870.



H. BOURNE. SCULPT.

M. STONE. PINCH.

THE DUEL INTERRUPTED.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.



ON REFLECTIONS IN WATER.

BY LIEUT.-COL. DRAYSON, R.A., F.R.A.S.

In the *Art-Journal* for 1864 I treated geometrically the subject of reflections in still water. It was attempted in that article to give a few simple rules for the guidance of those artists who either could not, or did not, complete all the details of their sketches on the actual ground. It must be granted as a great desideratum that an artist should represent nature as it really is—to place upon his paper or canvas an accurate portrait of what he sees. Now there are, of course, insurmountable difficulties in the way of deciding whether a tree or a line of hills has been correctly portrayed; but as soon as an artist places a reflection on water, there can be no mistake as regards this item. A geometrician can at once place his finger on a reflection in still water, and can demonstrate that this is either true or false. When then we find that a reflection is represented incorrectly, our faith is at once shaken in the general accuracy of the sketch, and the work, however skilfully executed, is depreciated in value. What faith for example should we have in the accuracy of an artist who gave us a sketch of country, and placed a covey of partridges in a tree?

Some two years ago one of our leading illustrated papers gave a sunset view, representing a fine old ship coming into harbour, and showed the crescent moon turned dark side to the sun. Scarcely an exhibition can be visited even now, in which at least half the reflections shown in still water are not geometrical impossibilities; and that which is not the least curious part is, that as a general rule the artists will inform you that this is a subject to which they have devoted special attention.

It has afforded me no little amusement of late years to suggest to various artist friends the remote possibility that they did not understand how to reflect objects in still water. With becoming dignity these friends would reply by selecting some half dozen sketches in which reflections were shown. I can conscientiously say that in at least five cases out of six, and in nearly every case where the problem had not been shirked by making the water wavy, the reflections shown on paper were impossible representations.

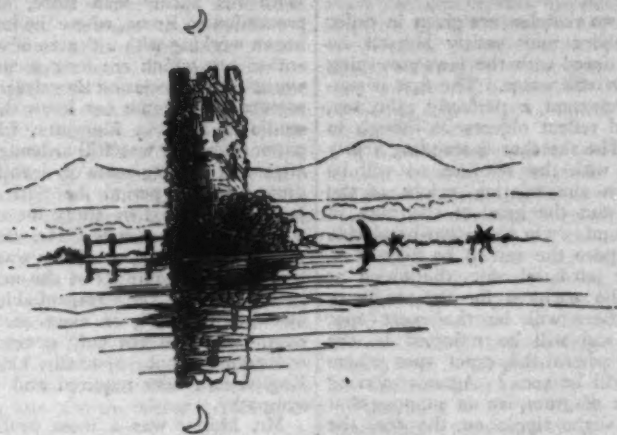
Upon mentioning some two years ago to the late Mr. Aaron Penley that few artists seemed to pay much attention to this subject, I was amused by his candid reply—"I have tried to pay attention to it," he said, "but I am very certain I know nothing about it, and still more certain that a large majority of artists know less than I do."

As an exception to this sweeping condemnation, one celebrated student of nature may be mentioned, and he was one who was much given to either still water or water rippling slightly—this was Turner. Upon looking with critical eye over the works of Turner, one can scarcely ever find that he erred in his reflections—they are invariably geometrically true. When we consider this fact it is very remarkable, and speaks volumes for the accuracy of observation of the artist. If, for example, a geometrician measured the three angles of a triangle, he would know that they ought to amount to 180° , and he would probably make little corrections in order to make their sum equal to this amount. If, however, an observer did not know that

they ought to amount to 180° , we should place a high value on the accuracy of his observations, if we found that he always gave results which did amount to this quantity. Thus it is with Turner, he by intuitive perception saw that which the geometrician arrives at by demonstration.

Although photography is not minutely

accurate as regards the details of reflections, yet we can from photographs learn how very curious reflections sometimes come out. There is a large and very beautiful photograph of Raglan Castle, in which the reflections are given in still water. These reflections are so nearly true geometrically, that they may be ac-

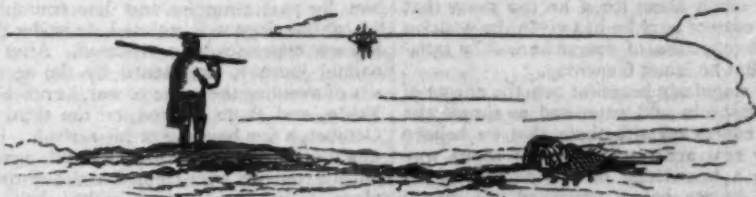


cepted as studies. On the right-hand side of this photograph there is a tower reflected in water; and I have often puzzled artists by slipping a piece of paper over the reflection, and then asking them where they would place the reflection of the top of the tower. It was soon evident that if they attempted to mark the spot, success would be merely the result of luck.

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There are few subjects in nature which illustrate the beauty of geometry more than the reflections one sees in still water. To watch a still pool, and note each leaf, branch, and stem, each opening in the foliage admitting light, reflected distinctly and perfectly, and to know that this very law of reflection is that which enables the mariner to find his position at sea by the

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reflection of the sun in his sextant glasses, indicates one of those rigid laws which are unchangeable. But our feelings are very different when we see an otherwise skilful artist dash in all these reflections by guess, or represent them in a manner which is false to the laws we admire. As soon would we look at a skilfully-coloured picture of a farm-yard, in which the horses

were delineated with six legs and cloven feet, and the cows with branching antlers.

Those items with which the greatest mistakes are made, are when distant and near objects are seen one just above or below the other. An artist friend, in order to convince us that he was well acquainted with the law of reflections, showed a sketch of an old tower with the moon just above



it. This tower was reflected in a still darkish pool, and the moon also, the whole subject being something like the first sketch on this page.

Now the reflection of the moon in the sketch is entirely wrong, and is as painful to the eye of a geometrician as a false note to the ear of a musician. The reflection of

the tower is also incorrect, but the moon's position as shown in the water is impossible. Applying the great law which we pointed out in the former article, viz., that the angle of incidence is always equal to the angle of reflection, it would be found that the moon's reflection would not be visible in the water at all, it would be hidden

behind the tower. This is an example of the error arising when we have a distant and a near object to reflect; thus the sun and moon are usually very trying objects to those who sketch only partially out of doors, and fill in at home the various details, or to those who sketch rapidly without noting the exact position of objects.

The last two sketches are given in order that the reader may satisfy himself he is well acquainted with the laws governing reflections in still water. The first is supposed to represent a perfectly calm sea, which would reflect objects as though in a mirror. The sketcher is standing nearly on a level with the sea-line, as will be evident from the relative height of the sea-horizon and the head of the man in the foreground. On the right-hand side we will suppose the sun to be seen at S, and on the left-hand side the moon at M. Now the problem for the reader to solve is, where will be the exact spot where the sun will be reflected in the water, and where the exact spot where the moon will be seen? Again, referring to the same diagram, let us suppose that there is a slight ripple on the sea, the sun's reflection would then become a sparkling line of light: now in what position on the sketch would this line of light be correctly represented? and why should it have only one possible position?

In the next diagram, I represent the bank of a stream, the water being "still." On this bank a post is standing; at some considerable distance there is a windmill; and above the hills there is the crescent moon. The problem for the reader is, to mark exactly where the reflection of the windmill and the moon would appear. Each person will be able to decide for himself whether or not he thoroughly understands the principles on which reflections depend. If he has to guess where the reflections appear, and is uncertain whether he is right, he may be assured that he does not know much about it: if he can *prove* that he is correct after he has given the position of the reflection, of course he will be satisfied that he is not far wrong.

So singularly beautiful are the effects of reflections in still water and so simple the laws connected with them, that we believe every real artist will estimate at its true value a knowledge of this branch of his art. As we before remarked, we cannot state whether a sketch of ground which we do not know is or is not quite accurate; but we can tell whether reflections are correctly represented, and when we find the latter item is wrong, we lose faith in the artist's skill to depict objects as they really are, and consequently his sketches have for us less value than they otherwise would have.

OBITUARY.

JOSEPH MOZIER.

JOSEPH MOZIER, whose death we announced a short time since, was born in Burlington, Vermont, United States, in 1812. His family, one of French origin, was respectable, though not rich. From his earliest youth he had a passion for Art, and ambition to attain distinction. But his means not seconding his wishes, or rather an entire absence of means forbidding his immediately following his desired career, he had determination and energy to enter into commerce, and to persevere in strenuous though ungenial labour, till he

had acquired a small capital, with which to realise his cherished dream of becoming an Art-student. It is a curious fact, that a now celebrated American senator and diplomatist, was the young merchant's partner in his commercial enterprise, and with a similar aim—to obtain the means of pursuing a career of distinction and honour. With his hardly won store, Mr. Mozier proceeded to Rome, where he immediately began working with a degree of energy and enthusiasm which ere long secured for his works the appreciation they deserved. Few sojourners in Rome but knew the pleasant studio in the Via Margutta, wherein the patient labourer was still arduously working after nearly thirty years of devotion to Art, during which period he had never left Rome or paused in study for more than a few weeks at a time. He was not only the hard-working artist, he was the kind helper and encourager of the aspiring, but less fortunate; the firm, reliable friend of all who deserved, or even needed, kindness. He was not only generous to his countrymen, but especially kind to any Englishman who required and asked his sympathy.

Mr. Mozier was a most prolific artist: probably his best statues are a veiled 'Undine' and 'The White Lady of Avenel'; there is great beauty in his 'Queen Esther,' 'Jephtha's Daughter,' 'Pochahontas,' and 'The Wept-of-the-Wishton-Wish.' All his female figures are remarkable for their delicacy and grace.

Just as his genius was matured, Mr. Mozier was cut off: he had been in weak health, had paid a brief visit to his country, and returned to London, intending to proceed immediately to his Roman home; he was, however, obliged to defer his journey for some weeks, through extreme suffering. At length, making a desperate effort, he set off for Rome, conscious of his hopeless state, but passionately longing to see his long familiar home once more, and at least to fall asleep amid the scenes endeared to him by past struggles and late triumphs. "I cannot sleep well, unless I lie under the Roman cypresses," he repeated. After a painful journey, lengthened by the necessity of avoiding the scene of war, he reached Faïdo, and there expired, on the third of October, a few hours after his arrival. He was not to see his adopted land again, but his remains were carried to the resting-place to which his last wishes had so earnestly pointed.

LOUIS HENRY MIGNOT.

This painter, whose decease was also recorded in our columns very recently, was born at Charleston, South Carolina, United States, in 1831. He sprang from a French family, who being strongly attached to the imperial cause, left France and migrated to America, on the restoration of the Bourbons. Mr. Mignot's youth was spent in the home of his wealthy grandfather, near his birth-place. His genius and love for Art sprang up spontaneously: while yet a child he employed a somewhat prodigal supply of pocket-money in the purchase of a beautiful statuette.

At seventeen his career was chosen: despite the opposition of his family, he resolved to be an artist. Having passed through a course of drawing-instruction, he proceeded to Europe, landed in Holland, and assiduously applied himself to the study of landscape-painting, under Schellfaul, at the Hague. This lasted but a brief space: he resolved very quickly to follow no school, to read no books on Art, but to go to

nature, which he did faithfully. After four years' sojourn in Europe, Mr. Mignot returned to America, settled for a time in New York, where his success was immediate and complete. He studied nature in North and South America, as well as in Europe, and was peculiarly happy in reproducing, without the slightest exaggeration, the glowing scenery of the south, and also in painting snow-pieces, from northern scenery.

Mr. Mignot spent several years in England, where he met with great success, realising in a short time considerable sums of money, which was destined to melt away through the channels of a too lavish and indiscriminate generosity.

Mr. Mignot had been some time in Paris, which, in common with many other sufferers in the disastrous war now raging, he was obliged to quit precipitately, abandoning finished pictures, and nearly executed commissions—in fact, everything he possessed of value. Anxiety, fatigue, and we may add privation, brought on an illness, which proved to be small-pox, and to that disease, aggravated by exposure to the air, this meritorious artist fell a victim, at the early age of thirty-nine. He died too soon, for his genius was still developing.

Like all men who have been distinguished in Art, he was a great and an appreciative reader, and a thoroughly accomplished man: his knowledge of literature was extensive, his memory remarkable, and his endowments were such as would have made his reputation in almost any pursuit he might have chosen.

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE IN EUROPE.

A COMPLETE generation has not yet passed away since a school of sculpture was founded in America. Notwithstanding disadvantages in the way of a practical education, scores of successful sculptors have come forward, although without as yet giving to the world one of great and original power. Any shortcomings in technical training are due to a want of adequate means of academical instruction, rather than to any deficiency of mechanical skill or intellectual invention. But the Museums of Art and Schools of Design now in process of organisation in the principal cities will, in time, give ample means of elementary education. Meanwhile it is pleasant to note the progress making, and the increasing desire of buyers for works of a more original stamp than those hitherto in vogue. There is, of course, the usual call for strictly realistic busts and portrait-statues, in which considerable skill of characterisation is shown. However faulty the torsos, limbs, and postures of American statues of eminent persons, the heads are tolerably sure to be cleverly executed.

But in the very outset of their career the sculptors of America ambitiously attacked the most difficult side of their art, and sought at once to rival the accomplishments of races that had taken centuries to perfect theirs. In view of a beginning, the Greek Slaves, Chanting Cherubs, Ganymedes, and similar efforts of Powers, Greenough, and Crawford were more than respectable, although in comparison with the perfected standard of Classical Art which they challenged, they were decided failures. Every weak reflection of a dead idealism is in itself a mistake. Each race should create its own ideals out of its living present.

The human figure must for ever remain the most complete model and highest possibility of sculpture. But its animating idea should either be of universal application or in direct sympathy with the times. As we find evidence of this truth in the works of our sculptors, so it is a solid proof that they are on the right track of progress.

The sculptors who remain in America are too strongly influenced by the prevailing realistic bias of the popular taste to attempt much of a different character. But on settling in Italy, where the opposite tendency prevails, they are easily led to test their capacities of ideal invention. Their number increases so rapidly that it is not easy to keep all their works in view. We will now limit the notice to such as afford evidence of imaginative power. Some of the most stubborn realists, like Harriett Hosmer, Rogers, and Ball, not to speak of less eminent names, occasionally try flights of invention, but with results that show it is a mistake to force their talents out of their natural course. Story, on account of his æsthetic culture, does better in inventive composition than in positive portraiture, as may be seen on comparing his 'Sybil,' and 'Cleopatra,' with his 'Peabody,' and 'Everett.' Miss Stebbin's 'Columbus' is a prosaic fulfilment of what was meant to be a poetical conception of the uncompromising discoverer steering his own bark in quest of a new world. The group of 'Queen Isabella, Columbus, and the Page,' by Larkin Meade, answers to a stone-cutter's notion of bigness, if not greatness. It is as graphic in decorative detail as a child's picture-book, and about as touching to the adult imagination. All this sort of idealistic commonplace can be classed under the general category of figure-head sculpture, although pardon ought to be asked of some ship's bows for the comparison. There is something effectively broad in the treatment by Jackson of 'Eve lamenting over the dead body of Abel,' which she holds in her lap, after the manner of a sixteenth-century Pietà. The first mother pondering over the mystery of the first murder would afford a profound theme for the greatest genius. Even to hint the quivering emotions of the one, and the subtle smile in death that baffles alike human love and curiosity in the other, would be to accomplish much. The choice of the motive demonstrates the right sort of ambition in the artist, and a hearty appreciation of the loftiest possibilities of sculpture.

While few, if any, American women, have won a reputation in painting, several have acquired some distinction in sculpture. This would indicate that a superficial success is more feasible in the latter than even the former, as regards the effect on the common mind, and that it necessitates less preliminary training and manipulative skill. There may be another cause. Modern painting is essentially scientific in its system of instruction. It requires much mental and manual toil, and long and close outdoor observation of nature, to master the elementary conditions of perfect practice in painting either landscape or the human figure. Few women as yet are predisposed to intellectual pursuits which demand wearisome years of preparation and deferred hope. Naturally they turn to those fields of Art which may seem to yield the quickest returns for the least expenditure of mental capital. Having in general a nice feeling for form, quick perceptions and a mobile fancy, with, not unfrequently, a lively imagination, it is not strange that modelling in clay is tempting to their fair fingers. Painting baffles,

mystifies, or cheats not only its disciples, but the critics, unless both possess some definite knowledge as to its means and ends. It asks the spectator to mistake the semblance for the reality; to seem to be what it is not. But sculpture, massed in simple white or dark forms like a ghostly image or conventional symbol, makes no such appeal even to the most superficial eye. Provided the general masses are fairly distributed and rendered, its prominent motive comes home so forcibly to the spectator, with so little of material illusion as to the nature of its means, that he seldom cares, as with paintings, to linger over or examine into the details of the work. The first impression of sculpture goes for more with the public than that of painting, when, indeed, it is really worth less, because its real merits and demerits are less easy of immediate recognition. Nevertheless it takes very much to make a good sculptor, and something more to constitute a clever painter; whereas a good painter can become a fair sculptor and keep something in reserve. Whether this consideration is confessed or not, doubtless it has some weight in the choice between the sister Arts.

Women, by nature, are likewise prompted in the treatment of sculpture to motives of fancy and sentiment, rather than to compete with men in realistic portraiture or absolute creative imagination. But this distinction, like every generalisation, has its exceptions. The works of Harriett Hosmer are all of a robust, masculine character, even in details, as if wrought out by hard head-work and diligent study of models by a mind that had forced itself, as with a manly energy, to achieve a mechanical mastery of a profession for which it has no supreme æsthetic predilection; while those of Story are conspicuous for a certain femininity of aspect, owing to their excess of fancy, accurate taste as to accessories, and prevailing atmosphere of good society and nice culture.

If women fail in portraiture in bronze and marble, as would appear by the few essays they have made in this direction, they are often felicitous in their choice of ideal motives, whatever may be the shortcomings of execution. Miss Stebbin's 'Angel stirring the Waters of Siloam'—a design for a fountain in New York, and her 'Satan descending to tempt Mankind,' are apt instances of her talent in this respect. So also is Miss Anne Whitney's symbolism of 'Africa awakening to take her place among Nations'—a Michel Angelesque conception of an Ethiopian virgin starting from a deep slumber, shading her eyes with one hand, as she slowly rises on her elbow, from the blinding light of a superior world. Another original conception by this lady is that of 'Ecclesiastical Rome,' as the figure of an aged decrepit woman, still showing traces of an imperial form and proud beauty. She sits on a fragment of a Corinthian capital in a half-crouching attitude, with her neck bent forward and scarcely able to support her still massive head. On the fringe of her richly classical robe are worked medallions, enclosing the emblems of Pagan Rome and designs of her most precious works of Art. By her side hangs a grinning, lecherous, sordid mask, of tragical look, sickly, cruel, and repulsive, which she has just pulled off her face. Her eyes glance slightly upwards under heavy eyebrows, peering out as if seeking what she cannot find, while gold coins fall from her left hand as it listlessly reclines on her lap. The motive of this striking allegory is based, as may be

readily seen, on the extreme Protestant view of the wretched condition to which the Papacy has reduced the once haughty mistress of peoples. In Miss Whitney's eyes she is a forlorn beggar among the nations, unmasked in her hypocrisies, bereft of her cunning and her strength, a spectacle at once to warn and repel mankind. One must have a cordial sympathy with the inspiring thought to approve of this startling composition. I refer to it only as a novel idea in Art largely conceived and appropriately carried out, barring a little anatomical crudity in a few points, scarcely to be noted on a general view.

It is worthy of mention that the American Government, in deference to the growing popular opinion of the fitness of women to do whatever men can rightly do, without requiring any more evidence of personal capacity than if it had been only a question of appointment to civil office, not long ago commissioned a girl in her teens to make a full-length statue of the late President Lincoln, entirely overlooking such claims as might have been urged by those artists of her sex who have actually studied Art.

Returning to the men, there is to be chronicled a most ambitious attempt on the part of Frank Pierce Connely, now in Florence, to model a colossal group of five figures on a scale hitherto unattempted in any school. It represents the warlike virtues of Courage, Perseverance, and Strength, vainly contending with Death, a gaunt figure on horseback, whose career of slaughter is suddenly arrested and himself disarmed by a majestic being, which is called Honour. The application of the allegory is vague and general, but some suppose it to refer to the fate of the South at the close of the late civil war in America.

Thomas Gould, of Boston, but at present established in Florence, is another sculptor who seeks to divert the popular taste into a poetical channel, and to vindicate the rights of Art in the higher field of idealism. In modelling an *alto-relief* of the head of Hamlet's ghost, some may consider that Gould is straining a point in this direction. But it is so effectively done that we may accept this much of a ghost, if it do not provoke some less discriminating sculptor to attempt a whole shadowy figure. His latest work, 'Cleopatra,' makes as substantial an effigy of the seductive queen of Egypt in a physical sense as one can desire. Story's Cleopatra is the beautiful, accomplished, intellectual mistress of pleasure in a meditative pose, the paragon of feminine fascination. But Gould has ventured on the more dubious roll of presenting her at a moment when the strong tide of Oriental voluptuousness courses warmest through her veins. She becomes indeed the most passionate woman of history, whose name is a byword for the force of sensual attraction and dominion over men. Reclining with her head thrown back on an antique chair, in wanton relaxation of posture, decorously draped, but with the contours of her lovely limbs well accentuated, Cleopatra is rapt in a waking dream of ecstatic passion. Her features are sufficiently comely, but more American than Eastern in type. So intense is her feeling, she bends her right foot backwards, forcing a painful strain on the muscles of the instep, to obtain relief. There is a serpent-like elasticity and flexibility in the entire figure; but the outlines of the body and a portion of its anatomical physiognomy are not equal in grace and precision, and indeed voluptuous *abandon*, to the head, which is better modelled in every respect.

'The West Wind' is a more original

motive of a recent date by the same chisel. There is a breezy freshness of posture and airy lightness and flowing swell of gently stirred drapery, with a pleasing animation of features indicative of the balmy qualities of the wholesomest wind of the American continent, which particularly commend this idealisation to the fancy. It is now the property of Hon. Demas Barnes, member of Congress, from Brooklyn.

Florence.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

ART AND MANUFACTURE.

WE earnestly desire English manufacturers to consider the important condition of things that has supervened, to the possible great benefit of this country, as a consequence of the war on the Continent. In the history of the Arts and of Manufactures it is constantly apparent how vast is the influence of extraneous causes on the practice, the development, nay the very existence, of that skill which gives being to the imagery of genius. The rude hand of foreign conquest, the accession of a cultured man to power, political or religious turmoil, the accident of material wealth, have, in turn, crushed or banished Arts and Manufactures from their native countries, fostered them to glory, or brought about a migration of those who practised them; and with these have sometimes migrated the staples of national wealth. War often destroys the seed of what it feeds on. Now, happily, it is ridiculous as well as unnecessary to assume that Art or Manufacture is to be crushed in France or Germany, or alienated from those countries by the present war. But the operations of the disastrous struggle, and its exceptional conditions, place this country in an entirely new relation. In particular, a golden opportunity is afforded to the Art-manufacturers of Great Britain, of which they will, if they are wise, take every advantage. We are great and wealthy consumers; we are mighty producers; our inventive and initiatory power is remarkable; very few can justly impugn the excellent honesty of our work; yet, in respect of many productions, we are pushed even from our own markets by continental goods. The work is often of inferior fabric to ours, its lasting qualities not comparable; but it finds appreciation, and is adopted before ours; and even cheapness shown in the money charged by us does not equalise the contest. The fact is, that culture of public taste has outstripped the producer's progress. A carpet or other production is bought for its pattern or Art-ornament now, more than for its quality of fabric. Ugly, inartistic designs on the best of woven wool or silk, will not sell as beautiful and harmonious Art displayed on slighter or inferior material will. Those articles of French or German manufacture which command the markets here, do so by their artistic quality. That is, in nearly every instance, the essential difference; all the rest is generally within the English manufacturer's power. Any retailer who is brought into experience of the public taste can confirm this. The continental workman has means of technical education in Art, and traditions of Art; the English workman is too frequently only—a workman. At the present time the productiveness of the two principal sources of this competitive supply is paralysed, Paris has been for some time quite isolated, its trade destroyed, and its manufacturing power diverted into strange channels, where it has not been annihilated. The French provinces are in degree disorganised, drained of their workmen, and but little, if anything, is being created in the *ateliers*, or the workshops. The producing power of the North German Confederation, and of its Southern allies, in like manner is almost at a stand-still; for most of the men are drawn to the war; and France commands at sea. This has been the case for several months. Thus, whatever may be the present stock in this country of all those beautiful artistic manufactures we are accustomed to purchase from these continental markets, and whenever peace may

be declared, a time will shortly come when a break in the continuity of the supply will be manifest. A dearth will ensue. Our rivals and competitors will for a time at least be practically removed. The British manufacturers will be expected to step into the gap. This will be their opportunity to regain vantage-ground they have lost, or to occupy positions they have never yet won. It behoves them to prepare earnestly, and on true principles, to reap all the advantage from a conjuncture that may never be presented to them again.

There should be no hesitation in grappling with the difficulty. The desideratum is Art-power, and manufacturers should seek the aid of the best artists; not of pretenders, or of men nurtured on barren trade-expediency, but of the greatest men. No really great artist is above applying his genius to even small objects of ordinary usefulness. Flaxman was not; Cellini could produce the Perseus, and work a cup or a spoon till each was radiant with the beauty of his noble power. In the Renaissance a marvellous race of great men arose, great enough to reverence Fine Art so that the most stupendous monuments, wonders of the world, were conceived by the same brain, and wrought by the same hand that designed and executed the smallest decorations, domestic articles, and personal ornaments. Their productions were successful then, as they are valued now. It is a false dictum that such Fine Art is above the market, does not pay. True Art is of commercial value. We do not ask for expensive artistic aspirations at the cost of utility. What is made must be made to sell as the continental goods sell. That is a condition precedent. Producers are not urged to venture on untrodden ground, but to continue achievement. We deny that in order to sell, or to be marketable, it is necessary for any article, elaborate or simple, to pander to bad taste, rather than to enrich and satisfy good taste, and to instruct the bad. People of no refined discrimination at all do not object to beautiful things, as such, if they are equally useful or serviceable. Common plates and jugs of artistic form and decoration sell to-day quite as well as the old hideous patterns on delf, now so seldom seen even in the poorest shops, used to do before 1851. English goods should be made to tempt and lead the public taste, not to lag after it, while foreign rivals supplant them. We have among us practical ornamentists of established artistic eminence and power; and henceforth works of Art-manufacture will most properly be officially recognised on their artistic merits to rank with the proudest triumphs of pictorial or plastic Art. In the approaching series of annual International Exhibitions a carpet or other manufacture, for example, that displays true beauty of design, or exquisite artistic colouring, will be recognised as fitting to win its way to exhibition, as a work of Fine Art, the same as a painting or a statue. The most enlightened manufacturers are already aware of the value of true Art on their productions, and can quote from an unflinching experience as to how true a mistress real Fine Art is. An exceptional opportunity now serves that may be used with infinite advantage by all the producers concerned with the practical application of Art to Manufactures in this country. It is obvious that our advice includes the employment of such artists and artisans as the depressed state of the Arts both in Germany and France may bring to our shores.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BRISTOL.—We have had shown to us a very elegant casket which, with a suite of valuable jewellery, was recently publicly presented to Mrs. S. P. Hare by—as a local paper expresses it—"The Conservative women of Bristol, as an expression of their high opinion of the unwearied exertions of Mrs. Hare in the cause of 'Church and Queen' during the candidature of her husband, in March and June last, for the representation of the city in the constitutional interest." The casket is the work of Messrs. C. and W. Trapnell, of Bristol, executed from the

design of the former artist, who modelled the principal parts. It is made of oak taken from Redcliff Church, and is enriched with graceful carvings in pear-tree, boxwood, and ebony, the details of which would occupy more space to enumerate than is at our disposal. It must suffice to say that the entire work is most creditable to Messrs. Trapnell, who produced the casket, also containing jewellery, presented some time ago by the inhabitants of Bristol to the Princess of Wales.

CAMBRIDGE.—The vacant niches in the new buildings of Gonville and Caius College are now occupied by life-size statues, of stone. Immediately over the entrance from King's Parade stands that of Dr. Gonville, who founded the college in 1348: on one side of him is the statue of Dr. Bateman, Bishop of Norwich, Gonville's executor, who, in 1353, established the college on the site of the present Gonville court; on the other side of Gonville is the statue of John Caius, M.D., the third founder, as he is called, who, in 1558, obtained the royal charter by which the former foundations were all confirmed, and his own foundation was established. By this charter the college was thenceforth to receive the name of Gonville and Caius College. The two last-mentioned figures are in a more elevated position than the central: all are bracketed out, and surmounted by canopies. Within the court, adjoining the turret-staircase, appears a statue of Dr. Perse, a liberal benefactor to the college.—In the new chapel of St. John's College has been placed a statue of Bishop Stillingfleet. The whole of these figures are by Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, of London.

LIVERPOOL.—When Dr. McNeill was made Dean of Ripon, a large number of his admirers in Liverpool subscribed to erect a statue of him in the town. Mr. G. G. Adams was commissioned to execute the work, and completed it. Very recently the statue was offered to the town council, to be placed in St. George's Hall; but the proposal not meeting with unanimous approval, the offer was withdrawn for a time. At a subsequent meeting of the council it was accepted by a considerable majority of members.

SALISBURY.—The recent exhibition of English porcelain and pottery in the museum of this city was followed by one of drawings by the old masters—a rare and valuable collection of such works having been contributed by collectors residing in the locality.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

MONTREAL.—A 'Summer View of Mount Orford and Pond, Eastern Townships,' is the subject of an able painting by Allan Edson, an artist who has made considerable progress in his profession within the last few years. The mountain, looming in the distance, is almost enveloped by a mist, its summit only being visible. The pond forms the foreground, and on the left bank are beautifully mirrored the forest glories which adorn its margin. Here is also visible a splendid study of rock with stunted herbage. The sunlight is very effective, and altogether the picture is "nature in her own unexaggerated richness." As Edson is yet only a young painter, we yet hope to hear of him "making his mark" in the Art-world.—Mr. James Inglis, photographer, of Montreal, has on exhibition a large and attractive picture representing the recent meeting, in St. Paul's Church, of the joint committee of the Presbyterian Church in the Provinces of British North America on the subject of Union. The grouping is excellent and also the management of the light. The heads in the foreground are chiefly profiles, and present striking likenesses of several leading Presbyterian ministers of this city.—An excellent picture by W. Raphael, entitled 'Habitants attacked by Wolves,' has been reproduced in chromo-lithograph by a firm in this city.—Mrs. Marshall Wood's statue of the Queen was exhibited to H.R.H. Prince Arthur and suite previous to their departure from Canada; but since then we have neither seen nor heard anything of it. Surely when Canadians subscribe liberally for a work of Art such as this, it ought not to be put out of the way.

THE
STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND.
(OCCASIONALLY OPEN TO THE PEOPLE.)

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land."

Mrs. HEMANS.

By S. C. HALL, F.S.A.
THE ANTIQUARIAN NOTES AND DETAILS
BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A.

HADDON HALL.



HADDON HALL is, perhaps, the most interesting, and is certainly the most attractive, of all the ancient mansions of England: and none have been so fertile of material to Artists. Situate in one of the most picturesque, if not the most beautiful, of our

English Shires; absolutely perfect as an example of the Baronial Halls of our ancestors, and easily accessible by charming routes from populous towns, it is not surprising that it should be visited annually by tens of thousands: and that in America it is regarded as

one of the places in the "Old Country," which no visitors, even of a week, to the classic land of their History, should neglect to see, examine, and describe.

It is strange that no illustrated Guide-book of this grand dwelling exists; although, as we shall show, it abounds in subjects for the pencil as well as the pen: the only descriptions attainable consist of a few meagre pages; and, no doubt, thousands who have seen old Haddon leave it with regret, that they can take with them no records to assist and refresh memory.

There are, indeed, photographs in abundance; * but some of the most striking "bits" the sun cannot reach to picture: to these it will be our especial duty to direct attention; and we hope, by carefully studying and describing every remarkable portion of the interesting structure, and by collecting and condensing all that can be known of its history, and that of the noble families who have been its possessors from the Conquest, to supply what every visitor needs—a "Companion" that shall be a sufficiently instructive Guide.

HADDON HALL is distant fourteen miles from BUXTON; perhaps the most fashionable, as it certainly is the most cheerful, and, we believe, the most healthful, of all the Baths of England. Its waters are as efficacious, in certain

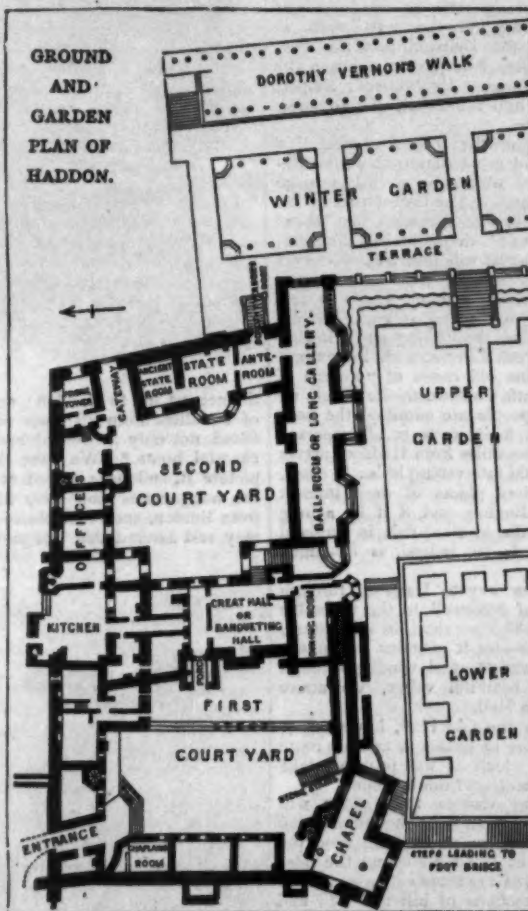
* We are indebted to Mr. Frith, of Reigate, and to Mr. Keene, of Derby, for the aids we derive from photography. But our principal obligation, and that of our readers, is to Mr. Muckley, the master of the Art-school of Manchester. He placed at our disposal several sketches taken from various parts of the old structure: they exhibit the knowledge of the antiquary as well as the skill of the artist. Our debt is even larger to the accomplished authoress, Mrs. Everett Green, who made expressly for our use a number of sketches; which, together with much gathered information, she has generously placed at our disposal.

ailments, as are those of Southern Germany; while the surrounding district is so grand and beautiful, so happily mingling the sublime and the graceful, as to compete, and by no means unfavourably, with the hills and valleys that border the distant Rhine.*

The poet, the novelist, the traveller, the naturalist, the sportsman, and the antiquary have found appropriate themes in Derbyshire, in its massive rocks—"Tons"—and deep dells; its pasture lands on mountain slopes; its rapid, yet never broad, rivers—delights of the angler; its crags and caves; its rugged and ragged or wooded steep; above all, its relics of the earlier days when Briton, Roman, Saxon, and Norman, held alternate sway over the rich lands and prolific mines of this lavishly endowed county; and of a later time, when shrewd monks planted themselves beside the clear streams and rich meadows, to which they bequeathed magnificent ruins to tell of intellectual and mate-

rial power in the time of their vigorous and prosperous strength.

Unequivocal evidence exists that the Romans knew the curative properties of the Baths at Buxton; and it is almost certain, from the many Celtic barrows and stone circles found in the neighbourhood, that a still earlier race was acquainted with them. Probably, therefore, for more than a thousand years Buxton has been one of the principal "health-resorts" of this island. Yet few remains of antiquity exist in the town. The dwelling—in which was lodged Mary, Queen of Scots, on her several visits, while in custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and to which "good Queen Bess," while sojourning at Kenilworth, sent the Earl of Leicester, that he might drink of the healing waters, "twenty days together"—was removed just a century ago: a handsome and very commodious hotel occupies the site: it is still called the "Old Hall;" and immediately behind it



are the two springs—the Saline and the Iron—the Chalybeate and the Tonic. On a window-pane of one of the rooms in this Old Hall, Mary, Queen of Scots, is said to have scratched the following touching and kindly farewell—the pane of glass having been preserved until recent years:—

"Buxtona, quæ calidæ celebrare nomine lymphæ,
Forte mihi posthac non adeunda, vale!"

Cheerfulness is the handmaid of health; and although there are many patients in and about Buxton, they do not seem to suffer much: there are more smiles than moans in the Pump-

room; and rheumatism is not a disease that makes much outer show of anguish.

The public gardens, "laid out by Sir Joseph Paxton," at the cost of the Duke of Devonshire, are made pleasant by music and flowers. The air is genial and gentle, and yet "strong;" for Buxton is one of the most elevated of the towns of England. The baths are well-ordered and well-managed: the water, though it be "mineral," is as clear as crystal; and the draughts are to many as were those of the Pool of Siloam. We have written mainly of Buxton, for we owe it a debt of gratitude; but Haddon is within easy reach of Derby, Macclesfield, Stockport, Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, and Leeds. The records of "arrivals" show how numerous are the cities and towns that send invalids to its health-giving waters.*

* Buxton is distant 259 miles from London, 38 from Derby, 22 from Matlock Bath, 26 from Sheffield, 23 from Chesterfield, 20 from Ashbourne, 24 from Manchester, and 12 from Macclesfield.

We are not writing a guide to Buxton, or we might describe a score of objects, curious, interesting, and instructive, within a walk or a short drive of the town; to say nothing of its very comfortable hotels and lodgings, in sufficient abundance—except during "the season," in the autumn of the year.

It would be difficult to find in any part of the British dominions a drive so grandly beautiful as that between Buxton and Haddon. Within half a mile of its centre is "the Duke's Drive" (formed in 1795 by the then Duke of Devonshire): it runs through Ashwood Dale, Miller's Dale, and Monsal Dale, passing "the Lover's Leap" and "Chee Tor"—stupendous crags—from the crevices of which grow small trees—partially crowned with wood and covered with ivy, ferns, and lichens, groups of varied foliage intervening; with here and there umbrageous woods; and the river Wye—not the "sylvan Wye, thou wanderer through the woods," of Wordsworth, but its namesake of lesser fame, that has its source a mile or two north of Buxton—journeying all the way, until at Rowsley it joins the Derwent (not the Derwent of the English lakes), from whence the blended waters, running by Matlock, Belper, and Derby, flow into the Trent, and so make their way to the sea.

To give a list of the several objects that delight the eye and mind during this comparatively short drive, would be to fill a page instead of a column. "The lowest part of the town of Buxton is one thousand feet above the level of the sea;" the naturalist, the botanist, and the geologist will find treasure-troves in any of the surrounding hills and valleys: while natural marvels abound, within a few miles, in all directions—such as Poole's Hole, the Blue-John mine, the Ebbing and Flowing Well, and the Peak Cavern, with its summit crowned by the fine old castle of "Peveril of the Peak." Majestic Chatsworth—to which, on certain days, the people are admitted, the park being at all times freely open to all comers—is distant about three miles from Haddon, across Manners Wood and intervening hills: in short, there are a hundred places of deep interest within a drive of Buxton, and, if it be a long drive, Dovedale—the loveliest dale in England—is easily reached; so, indeed, is far-famed Alton-Towers.

We pass, on our way to Haddon, through the ancient town of Bakewell, to the venerable parish church of which we shall, in due course, conduct the reader—for it contains the monuments of THE VERNONS—and, winding through a rich and very beautiful valley, we arrive in sight of Haddon Hall.

Before we enter the Old Hall, however, we must ask the reader to glance at another route to Haddon—that which he will probably take if his tour be made direct from London.

No doubt many visitors to Haddon will start from DERBY: and if the road from Buxton is charming, so also is that from the capital of the shire: it is more open; the vales are wider; the views are more extensive; there are the same attractions of hill and dell and rock and river; cottages embosomed in foliage; church steeples seen among richly-clad trees; clean and happy-looking villages; and distant towns, never indicated, except in one case—that of Belper—by the chimneys and sullen shadows of manufactories. For more than twenty miles, is a continuation of scenic loveliness, such as, in its calm and quiet charm, its simple grace, and all the attractions of home nature, can be found nowhere else in the wide world. We stay for a moment at the pleasant Junction of AMBERGATE; thence the railway runs by the picturesque village of Cromford, the creation of one great man, Sir Richard Arkwright; Matlock Bath, with its pretty villa residences peeping from woods that clothe Abraham's heights; Matlock Bridge, whose hill-side is studded with hydropathic establishments; and Darley Dale, with its interesting old church, and grand old yew tree, the largest in the kingdom, until the train stops at Rowsley.

"The Peacock" at Rowsley is one of the prettiest and pleasantest inns in "all England;" neat, well-ordered, clean and comfortable, it

may be accepted as a model: it has ever been in high favour with "brethren of the angle"—long before the neat and graceful railway station stood so near it that the whistle of the train is audible a dozen times a day, and twice or thrice at night. The fine old bridge close at hand throws its arches across the Derwent;

neatly and gracefully trimmed gardens skirt the banks of that clear and bright river, into which flows the Wye about a furlong off; and rivers, meadows, rocks and dells, and hills and valleys "all round about," exhibit to perfection the peculiarities of the vale, so rich in the beautiful and the picturesque. The Peacock is



HADDON: FROM THE MEADOWS.

the nearest inn to Haddon; and here hundreds of travellers from all parts of the world have found, not only a tranquil resting-place, but a cheerful home.* We have thought it well to picture it, and have placed at its doors one of the waggonettes that drive hither and thither from Buxton, and other places; and the tourist may rest assured that this pretty inn is indeed

a place at which he may "rest, and be thankful."*

At Rowsley the tourist is but three miles from Chatsworth, and two miles from Haddon. A pleasant walk through the valley brings him in sight of Haddon Hall; and from this road he obtains, perhaps, the best view of it. Partly hidden, as it is, by tall and full-leaved trees, its



HADDON: FROM THE ROWSLEY ROAD.

grandeur is not at once apparent; but the impression deepens as he ascends the steep

pathway and pauses before the nail-studded door that opens into the court-yard.

* A very pretty little book, entitled "The Peacock at Rowsley," has been published by its author, J. J. Briggs, Esq. As the journal of a naturalist, an angler, and a lover of nature, it is so sweetly written as to place its author, as a worthy associate, side by side with dear "Old Isaac" or "White of Selborne."

* An album, kept at the inn, contains many distinguished names: among them is that of the poet Longfellow; also the (travelling) name of Maximilian, sometime Emperor of Mexico, who spent here the last night of his sleep in England, previous to embarkation on his fatal voyage.

Before we proceed to describe the HALL, however, we shall give some account of its earlier owners—the VERNONS—reserving for an after-part the history of their successors, the illustrious family of MANNERS, from their origin, as knights, to the period of their high elevation, as Earls and Dukes of Rutland, and so down to the present time.

The history of Haddon, unlike that of most of our ancient baronial residences, has always been one of peace and hospitality, not of war and feud and oppression; and however much its owners may, at one period or other, have been mixed up in the stirring events of the ages in which they lived, Haddon itself has taken no part in the turmoils. It has literally been a stronghold: but it has been the stronghold of home and domestic life, not of armed strife.

At the time of taking the Domesday survey, when the manor of Bakewell belonged to, and was held by, the king, Haddon was a *berewite* of the manor; and there one carucate of land was claimed by Henry de Ferrars.* Over-Haddon, a village two or three miles off, on the hills, was also another *berewite* of the same manor. To whom Haddon belonged in the Saxon period is not clear; the first owner of which there is any distinct knowledge is this Henry de Ferrars, who held it in 1086, and who, by grant of the Conqueror, had no less than 114 manors in Derbyshire alone; he built Duffield Castle; and founded the Church of the Holy Trinity, near the Castle of Tutbury.

Haddon was at a very early period, held, it is said, by tenure of knight's service,† by William Avenell, who resided there, and was possessed of much land in the neighbourhood. Soon after the foundation of Roche Abbey, in 1147, William de Avenell, Lord of Haddon, gave to that establishment the grange of One-ash and its appurtenances. One of the daughters and co-heiresses of William de Avenell, Elizabeth, married Simon Bassett, of the fine old family of Bassett, owners of much property in this and the neighbouring counties; the other married Richard de Vernon; and thus Haddon passed into that noted family, of which we proceed to give some particulars.

The House of Vernon is of very considerable antiquity, and derives its name, as do many others in the Baronage of England, from its primitive domicile in Normandy—the *Châtellenie* of Vernon, forming one of the territorial sub-divisions of that country: the castle, with its hereditary lords, is recorded in the Anglo-Norman chronicles. According to the present territorial division of France, Vernon is a commune in the *Département de l'Eure* and *Arrondissement d'Evreux*; and as being the *chef-lieu*, gives name to the Canton in which it is situate. From this locality, one of the most picturesque and luxuriant of the vine districts, the family of Vernon takes its origin; and also the ancient family of De Redvers—the two families, indeed, being originally identical, the name of De Redvers having been assumed by a Vernon in the eleventh century, from the place of his residence, Réviere, in Normandy: his family were "Comtes de Réviers and Vernon, and Barons de Néhou;" both families tracing from the d'Ivry stock. Mauriscus d'Ivry (father of Robert d'Ivry), who was father of Aiselin Goël—the names of whose sons, Roger Pincerna, surnamed the "stammerer," Lord of the Castle of Grosseuvre; William Lupellus (Lovel), who acquired the castle of Ivry on the death of his elder brother; and Robert Goël—are well known in history; the one as holding the Honour of Ivry in right of his descent from Count Ralph, uterine brother of Richard I., Duke of Normandy; another as the founder of the family of Lovel; and the third as having held his castle of Grosseuvre against King Stephen; he had a son, Baldwin, who took the surname of De Revers from the place of his residence; and two generations later, William, the son of Richard, assumed the name of Vernon, from the *Châtellenie* of that name which he held. His son,

Hugh de Revers, or Vernon, usually called Hugh de Monachus, had a son, William de Vernon, Lord of Vernon, who founded the Abbey of Montebourg. By his wife, Emma, he had issue, two sons, Walter and Richard: the latter of whom, Richard de Redvers (as the name became afterwards spelled), or Vernon, came over at the Conquest, and was created

Baron of Shipbroke in Cheshire. He married Adeliza, daughter of William Peverel of Nottingham, and received with her in frank-marriage—that is, a free gift of an estate given with a wife on her marriage, and descendable to their joint-heirs—the manor of Wolleigh, Buckinghamshire. One of these sons, Baldwin de Redvers, was created Earl of Devon, and from



HADDON: FROM THE WYE.

him descended the line of earls of that name; while William de Redvers, who inherited the Norman baronies of Vernon, Réviers, and Néhou, re-assumed the surname of Vernon from those possessions. He had an only son and heir, Hugh de Vernon, Baron of Shipbroke, who married a daughter of Raynold Badgioll, Lord of Erdeswicke and Holgrave. By this

lady he had a numerous issue: the eldest, Warin, continuing the barony of Shipbroke; Matthew, inheriting the lordships of Erdeswicke and Holgrave, who was ancestor of the Vernons of those places; and Richard, already alluded to. This Richard de Vernon married Avise, the daughter and co-heiress of William de Avenell, Lord of Haddon; his



HADDON: THE MAIN ENTRANCE.

other daughter and co-heiress marrying Sir Simon Bassett. By marriage with this lady Richard de Vernon acquired Haddon and other estates, and thus became settled at Haddon Hall. He had issue, an only daughter and heiress, who married Gilbert le Francis; and their son, Richard le Francis, took the name of Vernon, on coming into the property, and

settled at Haddon. He married Mary, daughter of Robert, Baron of Stockport. His descendant, Sir Richard Vernon, Lord of Haddon and of Appleby, &c., married Maude, daughter and co-heiress of William de Camville, by whom he had an only son and heir, William Vernon, who was only ten years of age at his father's death in 1422, when he was found heir

* *Berewite*, in Domesday, means a small village; and carucate as much land as one plough can till.

† The obligation to serve as a knight in the wars of the feudal superior.

to his grandfather. In 1330 he obtained a grant of free warren, or the exclusive right of killing beasts and birds of warren within prescribed limits in the royal forests, &c., from the king. He married Joan, daughter of Rhee, or Rhis, ap Griffith, and heiress of Richard Stackpole, and had issue by her Sir Richard Vernon, Knt., of Pembrugge (sometimes called Sir Richard de Pembrugge), Lord of Haddon and Tonge, which latter lordship he acquired by his marriage with the sister and heiress of Sir Fulke de Pembrugge, or Pembridge, Lord of Tonge in Shropshire. Their son, Richard Vernon, was father of Richard Vernon, Treasurer of Calais, Captain of Rouen, and Speaker in the Parliament at Leicester, in 1426. By his wife, Benedict, daughter of St. John Ludlow of Hodnet, he had issue, with others, Sir William Vernon, Knt., who, marrying Margaret, daughter of Sir Robert Pype of Spemore, acquired that manor and Lordship. He was buried at Tonge, where a monument was placed to his memory: another being erected at Montebourg.

His son, or grandson, Sir Henry Vernon, was made governor to Prince Arthur, by King Henry VII., with whom he was a great favourite. He married Anne, daughter of John, second Earl of Shrewsbury, by Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James, Earl of Ormond. By this marriage he had issue, Sir Henry Vernon, High Steward of the King's Forest in the Peak by Henry VIII., and who also held many other posts. He had issue, two sons, Sir George Vernon and Sir John Vernon. Sir Henry died in 1515, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir George, "the King of the Peak," who succeeded to the Haddon and other estates. The younger son, Sir John Vernon, married Helen, daughter and co-heiress of John Montgomery, of Sudbury, in Derbyshire, with whom he received the Sudbury and other estates, and thus founded the family of Lords Vernon, of which family the present noble peer, Lord Vernon, is the representative. Of this branch of the family we may have occasion to speak hereafter.

We return to the "King of the Peak"—Sir George Vernon—and his heiresses. He succeeded to the estates in 1515, and at the time of his death, in 1567, was possessed of no fewer than thirty manors in Derbyshire alone. He was married twice: first to Margaret, daughter of Sir Gilbert Taylebois, Knt.; and secondly to Maude, daughter of Sir Ralph Langford. He had issue, two daughters, his co-heiresses, Margaret and Dorothy, whose husbands inherited his immense possessions. Margaret Vernon married Sir Thomas Stanley, Knt., of Winwick, in Lancashire, second son of Edward Stanley, third Earl of Derby; and Dorothy Vernon, whose name has become "a household word" in this locality, married Sir John Manners, Knt., second son of Thomas Manners, first Earl of Rutland, and direct ancestor of the present Duke of Rutland. To this branch we shall, in another chapter, have to refer at greater length.

Sir George Vernon lived at Haddon in such a style of princely magnificence and hospitality as to earn for himself the title of "King of the Peak." It is said that he was generous and hospitable, as well as just, and that he lived and died in the "good esteem" of all men. Sir George Vernon was buried in Bakewell Church, where a remarkably fine and well preserved altar-tomb bears the recumbent effigies of himself and his two wives.

Dorothy Vernon, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of Sir George, and over whom such "a halo of romantic interest" rests, is said to have been one of the most beautiful of all beautiful women, and possessed of so sweet a temper, that she was idolized by all who knew her. If it were so, however, the monument at Bakewell does not fairly represent her, for it exhibits her with an expression of countenance far from either amiable or attractive. The story of her life, according to popular belief, is that, while her elder sister, fortunate in an open attachment to Sir Thomas Stanley, the son of the Earl of Derby, and his affianced bride, was petted and "made much of," she, the younger, was kept in the background

having formed a secret attachment to John Manners, son of the Earl of Rutland—an attachment which was opposed by her father, sister, and step-mother; she was, therefore, closely watched and kept almost a prisoner. Her lover is said to have disguised himself as a woodman, or forester, and to have remained in hiding in the woods around Haddon for several weeks, in order to obtain stolen glances of, and occasional brief meetings with, Dorothy. At length, on a festive night at Haddon—tradition states it to have been one of the "merry meetings," consequent on the marriage of her sister Margaret—Dorothy is said to have stolen away unobserved in the midst of the merriment in the ball-room, and to have quietly passed out of the door of the adjoining ante-room on to the terrace, which she crossed, and having ascended the steps on the other side, her lover's arms received her; horses were in waiting, and they rode off in the moonlight all through the night, and were married in Leicestershire the next morning.

("They'll have swift steeds that follow,
Quoth the young Lochinvar.")

The door through which the heiress eloped is always pointed out to visitors as "Dorothy Vernon's Door."

Thus the Derbyshire estates of Sir George

Vernon passed to John Manners, and thus it was the noble house of Rutland became connected with Haddon and the county of Derby.

John Manners, the husband of Dorothy Vernon, was knighted shortly after his marriage. They had issue three sons: Sir George Manners, who succeeded to the estates; John Manners, who died in 1590, aged 14; and Sir Roger Manners of Whitwell, who died in 1650; also one daughter, Grace, who became the wife of Sir Francis Fortescue. Dorothy died in 1584, and her husband in 1611. They were both buried in Bakewell Church, where their monument will no doubt be looked upon with interest by all visitors to the district.

Haddon continued to be one of the residences of this branch of the Manners family, ennobled in 1641 by the inheritance of the Rutland peerage, until they quitted it in the early part of the last century for Belvoir Castle of which we shall, on a future occasion, take note.

Concerning the family Manners we reserve our remarks for the next chapter, and proceed to a description of Haddon.

The HALL stands on a natural elevation—a platform of limestone—above the eastern bank of the Wye: the river is crossed by a pretty, yet venerable, bridge, passing which, we are at the foot of the rock, immediately



HADDON: THE FIRST COURT-YARD.

fronting the charming cottage which is the lodge of the custodian who keeps the keys. In the garden we make our first acquaintance with the boar's head and the peacock—shaped from growing yew trees—the crests of the families whose dwelling we are about to enter. This cottage adjoins the old stables; their antiquity is denoted by several sturdy buttresses. To the right of the great entrance-door are the steps—placed there long ago—to assist ladies in mounting their steeds, when ladies used to travel sitting on a pillion behind the rider: the custom is altogether gone out; but in our younger days, not only did the farmer's wife thus journey to market, but dames of distinction often availed themselves of that mode of visiting, carrying hood and farthingale, and hoop also, in leathern panniers at their sides, and jewels for adornment in caskets on their laps.

The visitor now stands before the old gateway, with its massive nail-studded door, and will note the noble flight of freestone steps, where time and use have left the marks of frequent footsteps. Indeed, the top step—just opposite the small entrance wicket in the larger door—is actually worn through in the shape of a human foot. He will also notice the extreme beauty and elegance of design of the Gothic architecture of this part of the building, and the

heraldic bearings with which it is decorated. Beneath the entrance archway on the right is the guard-room of the "sturdy porter" of old times: his "peep-hole" is still there, the framework of his bedstead, and the fire-place that gave him comfort when keeping watch and ward.

After mounting the inner steps, the visitor passes into the first court-yard, and will not fail to notice the remarkable character of the splaying and chamfering of the building in the angle over the inner archway.*

We are now in the lower court-yard, and at once perceive that Haddon consists of two court-yards, or quadrangles, with buildings surrounding each. Immediately opposite the gateway are the stone steps that lead to the state apartments; to the right is the chapel, and to the left, the HALL proper, with its minstrels' gallery and other objects of curious—some of unique—interest; all of which we shall treat of, in due course. The general arrangement will be best understood by the ground-plan, which, however, requires some explanation.

On account of the abruptness of the slope on which Haddon is built, it stands so unevenly, that a horizontal line drawn from the ground

* This is partially at least occasioned by the winding of a double spiral stone staircase leading to the tower over the entrance archway.

in the archway under the Peverel Tower would pass over the entrance archway. Consequently, that archway, the porter's lodge, and entrance to the spiral staircase on its right hand, and on the left the two rooms entered from the walk behind the partition wall, and before mounting the steps, form, what may, looking at it in that light, be called a basement story, to which also belongs the cellar, entered by a flight of fourteen steps, descending from the buttery. Lysons, in his "Magna Britannia," vol. v., engraves—first, a basement plan, comprising the entrance archway and the low rooms above alluded to; second, a ground plan; third, a plan of the upper floor, including the ball-room and other state rooms; and the numerous bed-rooms and other apartments on the north and west sides. These plans are extremely correct and minute: it transpires from letters in the Lysons' correspondence (Addit. MS. 9423, British Museum), that they were made by the surveyor of the late duke, to illustrate a little privately-printed account of Haddon, written by himself, and were lent to Lysons for his work by D'Ewes Coke, Esq., barrister-at-law, then steward to the duke. The designations given by Lysons to the apartments are therefore probably correct. From his lists, and a curious



THE FONT.

catalogue of the apartments at Haddon, date 1666, we gather the general inference that the rooms on the west side of the lower court were, in the latter days of its occupation, occupied by the officials of the household; those on the entire south side were the state rooms; those on the east side of the upper court were the family apartments—the bed-rooms extending down to the intersection of the lower court; those over the front archway, &c., were the nursery apartments; and the library is believed to have occupied the rooms between these and the entrance tower.

There are second-floor apartments, not planned in Lysons, over the Peverel Tower and its adjoining rooms, and over one half of the north side, from that tower to the junction of the courts. Also solitary second-floor rooms in the Entrance Tower, Central Tower, and over the staircase leading to the ball-room. There is but one third-floor room, it is in the Eagle Tower, and is the highest apartment in the Hall.

The plan we engrave will be found the most useful to visitors. It gives the ground-plan irrespective of levels (which would only be bewildering to the tourist), with the exception of the slightly elevated ball-room and state-rooms in the upper court-yard. In fact, from even these being entered from the terrace, the

whole of the plan we have prepared may, for general purposes, be said to be that of the ground-floor.

On the east side there are but slight differences between the ground-floor and first-floor rooms, excepting those over the kitchen and adjoining offices, and over the central archway. On the south side the differences are material. The ball-room covers six ground-floor cellar-rooms. The drawing-room is over the dining-room; and the earl's bed-chamber and other rooms are over the long narrow ground-floor passages between that and the chapel. On the west side also the arrangement differs considerably.

Some portions of the building are of undoubted Norman origin, and it is not unlikely that even they were grafted on a Saxon erection. Norman remains will be noticed in the chapel, and, therefore, it is certain that that portion of the building, as well as others which could be pointed out, are the same as when the place was owned by the Peverels and Avenells. Before the year 1109, John, Earl of Mortefaigne, afterwards King John, by writ directed to his justices, sheriffs, bailiffs, ministers, and all his

lieges, granted a license to Richard de Vernon to fortify his house of Haddon with a wall to the height of twelve feet, without kernel (or crenelle, which was an open parapet or battlement with embrasures or loop-holes to shoot through), and forbidding his being disturbed in so doing. This interesting license, now in possession of the Duke of Rutland, is as follows:—"Johannes com. Moret. justic. vicecom. baillivis, ministris, et omnibus fidelibus suis salutem. Sciatis me concessisse et licenciam dedisse Ric. de Vern. firmandi domum suam de Heddon, muro exaltato xij pedibus sine kernello, et idem prohibeo nequis vestrum eum inde disturbet. Test. Rob. de Mara apud Clipeston." It is endorsed "Breve patens Com. Johannis."

The earliest portions of the buildings of Haddon now remaining appear to be a part of the chapel, and lower portions of the walls of the south front, and of the north-east tower. To the next period, from 1300 to about 1380 (according to Dugabury), belong the hall-porch, the magnificent kitchen and adjoining offices, the great, or banqueting, hall, the lower west window of the chapel, part of the north-east



HADDON: THE CHAPEL.

tower, and part of the cellerage under the long gallery. In the third period, from about 1380 to 1470, were added the east, and part of the west end of the chapel, and the remaining buildings on the east side of the upper court-yard. The fourth period, from 1470 to 1530, comprises the fittings and interior finishings of the dining-room, the western range of buildings in the lower court, and the west end of the north range. The fifth period, from about 1530 to 1624, seems to comprise alterations in the upper court-yard, the long gallery, and terrace and gardens; the pulpit, desk, and pews in the chapel; and the barn and bowling-green. The juxtaposition of the kitchen and great hall show that they belong to the same period. The alterations since that period appear mainly to have been necessary repairs.

The principal apartments of Haddon Hall are the Chapel, the Great, or Banqueting, Hall, with the Minstrels' Gallery running round two sides of it; the Dining-room; the Drawing-room; the earl's Bed-room and adjoining suite of rooms; the Ball-room, or Long Gallery; the Ante-room, from which Dorothy Vernon's door

opens on to the terrace; the State Bed-room; the ancient State Room, or Page's Room; the Kitchens; and the Eagle, or Peverel Tower.

The first room usually shown to visitors is the so-called CHAPLAIN'S ROOM, the first door on the right, after mounting the steps into the lower court. In this small room, and in the closet attached to it, several objects of interest are preserved. Among these are a pair of remarkably fine fire-dogs, a warder's horn, gigantic jack-boots, a thick leathern doublet, some matchlocks, and some pewter dishes. In this room, a few years ago, a remarkably curious and interesting washing-tally, engraved and described in the "Reliquary," was found behind the wainscoting. The articles enumerated on this curious relic are "ruffles," "bandes," "cuffs," "handkercher," "cappa," "shirtes," "halfshirts," "boote hose," "topps," "sockes," "sheetes," "pillowberes," "tableclothes," "napkins," and "towells." It is in the possession of the Duke of Rutland.

The description of the remaining rooms, the lawns, and gardens, of HADDON HALL, we reserve for another chapter.

CELEBRATED CHURCHES OF EUROPE.

No. XI.—ST. ETIENNE, VIENNA.

THE march of the legions of ancient Rome prepared the way for the introduction of Christianity into almost every region where they penetrated. The earliest missionaries of the religious faith that supplanted Paganism who reached the banks of the Danube, stopped at the little village of Vindebona, a Roman station, though of comparatively small significance: here the Emperor

Marcus Aurelius died, B.C. 180. On its site now stands the imperial city of Vienna, which has for its principal church the Cathedral of St. Etienne, or St. Stephen's, an edifice described as combining "all that is lofty, imposing, and sublime, in the Gothic style of architecture," and forming a kind of central point from which most of the leading streets of the city radiate.

In the year 784, Austria had become a province governed by a margrave, the first prince being Leopold of Babenberg, whose descendant, the Margrave Henry II., surnamed Jasomirgott, laid the first foundations of the Church of St. Etienne, in 1144: it was consecrated three years afterwards

had frequently yet unsuccessfully, solicited the Roman pontiff to make Vienna the seat of a bishop: this was at length done by Sixtus IV., who appointed St. Etienne to be the cathedral. In 1722, Pope Innocent III. made Vienna an archbishopric.

The cathedral is built in the form of a Latin cross. The principal tower, with its spire, was commenced in 1359, from the designs of an architect, named Wenzel, of Klosterneubourg, but he lived to see only two-thirds of its height completed, in 1404: the work was carried on by Pierre Brachawitz till 1429, when he died. Jean Buchsbaum had the honour of finishing it in 1433, seventy-four years from its foundation. This tower has always been regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture, for its just proportions, lightness, and elegance of design: it diminishes gradually from base to summit in regularly retreating arches and buttresses: the height is 465 feet.

Five doors form the principal entrances to the edifice: the chief of these, namely, the western entrance, is seen in the engraving: it is called "The Giant's Doorway," and shows all the characteristics of the Romano-Byzantine architecture in vogue during the twelfth century. The other doorways are disposed in a manner to break, by their ornate architecture, the long lines of the sides of the building.

The interior of the metropolitan church of Vienna is simple and majestic, though its appearance is somewhat gloomy. The pillars of the choir show this peculiarity: they are arranged to receive six statues. The stained-glass windows are in no degree inferior to those for which Germany has long been famous. All the altars are of marble, and each one is surmounted by some picture from the hand of a master. The pulpit is a beautiful example of ornamental sculpture: on the sides are busts of four distinguished doctors of the Latin church, surrounded by delicate mouldings, foliage, and floriated borders: the base is composed of small columns elaborately ornamented with carved work; twenty small statuettes, elegantly sculptured, are placed in traceried niches. The canopy is of wood, also richly decorated with representations in bas-relief of the Seven Sacraments, and underneath are winged cherubs. Following one of those caprices often seen in works of the Middle Ages, there is carved on one of the steps, or stairs, a figure with a cap on his head, and a compass in his hand: it is supposed to represent the sculptor; but, as a writer observes, history has not preserved his name, in order to punish his vanity. Some have considered it to be a portrait of Jean Buchsbaum; others, that of Anton Palgram, a sculptor and architect employed on the sacred edifice. The same bust appears under the organ. The pulpit was erected in 1430, and from it St. John Capistran is said to have preached a crusade against the Turks in 1451.

The stalls in the choir are worthy of special observation: they are eighty-six in number, and most elaborately carved. The baptismal fonts, of the date of the fifteenth century, are also very fine. We may add, as a concluding remark, that at a considerable elevation in the north-west angle of the lofty tower "is shown the stone bench from which Count Stahremberg, the brave governor of Vienna during the last siege by the Turks, used to reconnoitre their camp; as an inscription placed over the spot bears witness. From this post he first descried, on the morning of Sept. 12, 1683, the Christian banner of John Sobieski unfurled upon the Kahlenberg."



by Reimbert, Bishop of Passau, but was nothing more than a simple parish-church. In 1258, and again in 1265, fires destroyed the edifice, all but the western porch, which remains to testify to the talents of the architect, Octavian Falckner, or Jalkner, of Cracow. About the middle of the thirteenth century Vienna had passed into the hands of Ottocar, son of Wincenlaus, King of Bohemia: this prince exerted himself to repair the injury done to St. Etienne by the conflagration of 1265, and succeeded to a considerable extent; but within a few years Rudolph of Hapsbourg, who had been elected Emperor of Germany, claimed

from Ottocar restitution of Austria and other portions of the adjacent territories. On his declining to deliver them up, Rudolph laid siege, in 1276, to Vienna, which almost immediately surrendered; when the emperor entered the city, and celebrated his triumph with great pomp in the Church of St. Etienne.

Between this date and the middle of the fifteenth century very considerable additions were made to the church; for, although a canonical chapter was attached to the edifice, it was still only a kind of parochial church. Austria had now been elevated to a dukedom, and the dukes of the territory

No. XII.—THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. DENIS.

SITUATED about five miles from Paris, is the suburb of St. Denis, which dates its rise from the tomb of the saint and martyr whose name it bears—Denis, or Dionysius, the first bishop of Paris, whose remains, with those of two other Christian ecclesiastics who had also suffered martyrdom, were, according to tradition, buried secretly in the middle of a field, and over them a modest tomb was subsequently placed. Soon a small, but richly-decorated, basilica was erected on the spot: this gave place, in the fifth century, to a temple, of which St. Gregory of Tours praises the magnificence. The glories of these two churches were, however, eclipsed by that built by Dagobert I., in the seventh century, who spent very considerable sums on its decorations. Crowds of pilgrims were accustomed to visit the shrine of the martyrs, and, in course of time, a village rose round the sacred edifice, which gradually increased to a town. Dagobert also founded an abbey, which he richly endowed, and conferred on it great privileges. Upon his death he was buried in the Church of St. Denis; several of his successors were also interred there, so that in time it became the customary burial-place of the kings of France.

Suger, Abbot of St. Denis, in the earlier part of the twelfth century, added to his duties as an ecclesiastic those of the statesman and the warrior: in these two latter characters he rendered good service to King *Louis-le-Gros*, and his successor *Louis-le-Jeune*. His abbey-church, however, had become too small to accommodate the crowds that flocked to it on the days of festival, and he determined to rebuild it, a project long entertained by him. After having himself drawn out the plans for the new edifice, he procured from all parts of the kingdom the most skilful architects, sculptors, painters, wood-carvers, carpenters, and goldsmiths, he could meet with; and even sent to Rome for columns of marble, determined that no effort should be lost, nor any expense spared, to raise a structure worthy of a Christian temple. Not only this, but he improved the possessions of the abbey, founded many priories, which he filled with monks of St. Denis, and rebuilt almost the whole of the church in a more magnificent style than ever. The nave and two aisles were finished in 1140, three years after the foundations were laid. Suger caused this portion of the edifice to be dedicated with great solemnity, nothing being wanted to give importance and dignity to the ceremony, which was performed by the Archbishop of Rouen, assisted by the Bishops of Meaux, Senlis, and Beauvais. In 1144 the whole church was finished, and re-consecrated with even greater pomp than before, the King and Queen of France, the dowager-queen, and a vast concourse of prelates and nobles, both French and others, being present. Only a small portion of Suger's building now remains.

In September, 1219, a thunderbolt destroyed the timber-work of the spire which crowned the northern tower of the front; the nave was also much shaken by the storm; and, about the year 1230 total destruction seemed impending: the apse, too, began to subside. The king, Louis IX., surnamed the Saint, and his queen, Blanche, commissioned the abbot, Endes Clement, to rebuild the church; and they furnished the greater part of the funds necessary for the

purpose. The abbot did not live to complete the work, this was done by Matthieu de Vendôme, who administered the affairs of state during the absence of Louis from his kingdom. Clement restored the apse, and commenced the façade; De Vendôme finished the latter and built the transept. The chapels of the nave were successively added during the fourteenth century.

Under Louis XIV. the grandeur of the rich abbey of St. Denis suffered much diminution: that monarch reduced it to the ordinary rank of a Benedictine monastery, and transferred a large portion of its revenues to the establishment of St. Cyr, an

institution he founded at the desire of his morganatic wife, Madame de Maintenon, for the education of young ladies of noble birth. It was here Madame passed the close of her life, and was buried.

The revolution that broke out in France at the end of the last century still further prejudicially affected the church. The abbey itself was suppressed in 1792. The following year a decree past the Convention for the destruction of the royal tombs it contained, and also those of such renowned Frenchmen as Bertrand du Guesclin, Turenne, Montesquieu, and others; but it was so far moderated that a commission



was appointed to preserve such monuments as were considered worthy of the distinction. The tombs of the kings, however, were opened, and the bodies thrown into one common grave. In 1794 it was determined to destroy the church altogether, because of its having been a kind of royal mausoleum, so bigoted and brutal was the fury of the revolutionists; but nothing further was done than to strip off the roof. Two years afterwards it was partly re-covered with tiles; but in 1797 the work was stopped, and the agitation for complete destruction was renewed. In 1799 the stained-

glass windows were removed; but under Napoleon, as consul and emperor, the edifice was restored, as were also some of the regal tombs; a chapter of ten canons was appointed, all of them retired bishops; four chapels were added; other improvements were made; and the church has since been adorned with paintings of historical events associated with it, and with statues of some of the earlier kings of France. In 1806 Napoleon issued a decree that it should be the burial-place of the emperors of his dynasty. How many will lie there?

JAMES DAFFORNE.

PICTURES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

MODERN Art, unlike that of older days, owes much to literature, which now appears to be in no small degree the mainspring of the painter's action. It is just the same in the great continental schools as with us; and so a class of historical or semi-historical subjects is opened up, almost entirely, or but very little, adopted by the old masters of Art—a class which, when allied with domestic scenes, forms the staple of artistic-work in our exhibition-galleries. The principal advantage derivable from this source is the infinite variety of subject that artists present to us; still, this has its counterbalancing disadvantages in the frequent recurrence of some favourite theme till it becomes almost distasteful.

There is little of our popular literature that has not appeared in a form more or less illus-

trated; yet it yields inexhaustible materials; and it was a good idea, carried out by Dr. Waller in the volume before us, to make a selection of certain passages, or rather scenes, from some of the best-known writers, for illustration by artists whose names are, for the most part, guarantees for the excellency of the works they produce; such, for example, as painters like E. M. Ward, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., F. W. Yeames, A.R.A., Mrs. E. M. Ward, J. Faed, R.S.A., Marcus Stone, John Gilbert, W. C. Thomas, and others. "As one who wanders," writes Dr. Waller, "through a spacious gallery, where the pictures of a nation's artists are exhibited, pauses before some work that especially attracts his attention, and from the plenitude of riches that surrounds him seeks to note some few works as representatives of peculiar genius, of special style, and of different schools of Art—so, in these pages, it is our aim to select from the many masterpieces that enrich our English literature

a few pictures which we believe may fairly be taken as representative works. It is scarcely necessary to say that our selection does not profess to give even one specimen of every distinct style or class of writing; to do this would require a space many times exceeding our limits.

Our design, too, is limited by the exclusion of all real characters, being confined to those which are entitled to be considered the creation of the author's intellect, and which possess an individuality sufficiently marked to justify our choosing them for special consideration."

The principal authors upon whom Dr. Waller has levied tribute, are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Campbell, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, &c. Each illustration is accompanied by an admirably written and discriminative criticism, from the pen of the Doctor, of the story, or scene, or



THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

poem, that has suggested the picture. "It has been our endeavour," he says, "to present in each case an epitome of the tale or subject, at least so far as was needful for the illustration of the character selected." It may safely be predicted that the text of this very beautiful volume will be as highly appreciated as the engravings: it is not a series of dry essays, but rather pleasant and discriminating comments on the original writings.

The illustrations—engravings on wood—are twenty in number: one of them, a scene from Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," by John Gilbert, the publishers of the book, Messrs. Cassell and Co., afford us the opportunity of introducing here: the composition is marked by the bold and graphic style of this most popular artist. Lydia Languish showing Captain Abso-

lute the portrait of Beverley, from Sheridan's *The Rivals* is the subject of E. M. Ward's picture—one that in style and general arrangement might pass for a work by Meissonier. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" was in the hands of Marcus Stone, who has selected the scene, putting it not inappropriately into a kind of mediæval type, where Walter comes to old Janicola in the village to ask his daughter Griselda for his wife. Tennyson's "Dora" has supplied Mrs. E. M. Ward with a charming subject, which she has treated with a beautiful simplicity: it is that where Dora is seated in the field with William Allan's child, to enlist the old farmer's sympathies in its favour. W. F. Yeames shows us Falstaff, with Prince Hal, Poins, and others, in the Boar's Head, Eastcheap: a picture of well-studied character. J. D. Watson's Una and the Knight riding in the Forest, from Spenser's "Faerie Queene:" the lady looking down from her palfrey on the lamb she

is leading—is a very effective picture. There is great merit, viewing it as a composition, in W. Small's John Gilpin, but its Pre-Raphaelite manner will not recommend it to many: while, to our taste, W. C. Thomas's rendering of the scene from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is more acceptable: the two figures are somewhat statuesque, but they are of a good classical order—vigorous, yet refined. John Faed's Jeannie Deans, from Scott's "Heart of Midlothian"—she is seated by the wayside on her journey to London—is very striking in its saddened expression and its management of light and shade. Clever is R. Macbeth's representation of the courteous old knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, strongly marked though it be with somewhat exaggerated expression. We must leave the remaining subjects to tell their own tale to those who may possess the book, which is certainly among the very best of its kind this Christmas season has produced.

* PICTURES FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE. By JOHN FRANCIS WALLER, LL.D. With Twenty Illustrations. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."
THE DULWICH GALLERY.

I DO NOT know, Sir, whether you are aware that if you paid a visit to the pretty little picture-gallery at Dulwich, and took out your pocket sketch-book to make a few jottings, you would be required to desist "by order of the governors." I went there on the 1st October last. I wanted a figure in one of Rubens's oil-sketches. With a small octavo sketch-book and pencil I took my stand before the picture, but had not been engaged five minutes before the porter walked up the empty gallery (there were two other persons in it) and requested me to desist. I naturally hesitated, wondering what harm I was doing, or what inconvenience I was causing, that could justify this dog-in-the-manger-like proceeding; but the poor man begged so hard for his own sake that I shut my book, determining to appeal to the governors. I did so, and after relating the incident, I urged "that a picture-gallery is the artist's library of reference; and if from any cause he is prevented availing himself of it as such, its main usefulness is lost, and the intention with which it has been given is so far departed from." I went on: "I feel sure you will be glad that I have drawn your attention to the matter, so that, in future, no artist or amateur, especially (for the national credit) if he be a foreigner, may be subjected to so unnecessary and annoying a restriction." My letter was sent on the 4th October, on the 9th November the assistant-clerk replied, informing me that "No visitor is permitted to copy, in any way, any picture, but on a regular permission granted in the usual manner." You see, Sir, five weeks elapsed before I got a reply to my letter. Suppose an artist or amateur from the country or from abroad, having but a day or two to spare, and wishing to carry away a few memoranda of some of the admirable works in the gallery, the necessity of obtaining the "governors' permission" ere he might venture to make a sketch, even on his thumb-nail, would prove an absolute prohibition to copy at all. Nor is it at all certain that he would obtain the boon even if he could afford to wait four or five weeks; for my friend, Mr. Heaphy—an artist, as you know, of no mean standing—in the early part of the summer requested to be allowed to copy one of the Murillos, and to this day, December 7, he has received no reply, although he has, in the interval, been to Dulwich to inquire for one.

I told the governors that I sought no particular favour, but applied to them in the interest of Art; with the same view I put the case into your hands—thinking you will know better than I how to deal with gentlemen who do not seem to understand the requirements of Art or the nature of their trust.

AN ARTIST.

December 7, 1870.

[This is simply monstrous. It has long been felt by those who take the least interest in Art, a great disadvantage to have what may rightly be called a public picture-gallery placed at such an inconvenient distance from the metropolis as to be comparatively inaccessible. But that an artist who takes the trouble to visit it for the purpose of study, should be prevented from carrying out his object in a legitimate manner is most reprehensible on the part of the authorities who issue orders such as those to which our correspondent refers. The governors of Dulwich College are not in such good odour with the public that they can afford to lose whatever popularity they are credited with; and this red-tapeism of office must not be permitted to pass unchallenged. In the interests of Art and artists we are bound to protest against it. The fittest place for the Dulwich pictures is the National Gallery, to which we hope they may some day be transferred, through the intervention of Parliament. The public, at any rate, has a right to demand that such absurd rules as seem now to regulate the action of the governors should be at once rescinded.]—ED. A.-J.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE
AND ART.

A SPECIMEN of Della Robbia ware has lately arrived, "on approval," at South Kensington, which, judging from its appearance in detached portions, is certainly without rival in the Museum, or, indeed, in the country. It represents the Temptation, and was executed by order of Pope Leo X. Its history is known and authenticated, and its value is very great. We hope that what appears—to those unacquainted with laws too subtle for outside mortals to grasp—as caprice in the selection of objects for purchase will not disappoint the nation in this case. It is very remarkable to how great extent the best objects in the Museum are either gifts, or by far the cheapest of the purchases. In cases of individual offers, where authentication is perfect, execution masterly, and interest and value unquestioned, a close parsimony or an unaccountable neglect has often been attributed to the authorities of the Museum; and, as we think, not altogether without reason. On the other hand, in the purchase of collections, money appears to have been no object at all, and duplicates, triplicates, or even quadruplicates of objects of little intrinsic merit have been bought at enormous prices. Such is the case with regard to the last purchase of Rouen and Nevers ware. For a Museum like that at Kensington it may be right to give almost any price for a single article, when unique, and when illustrating a special manufacture, or special phase of Art. This does not apply to more numerous specimens. The Rouen and Nevers *faience* is interesting, as forming part of a large ceramic series. It is not in itself very good, or likely to serve as a pattern for our own manufacture, especially as its character depends on that of the clay found in the localities of the potteries: £82 for an ordinary fountain, and £165 for a pair of ewers, are disproportionate prices. Is it possible that a commission is paid on the purchase of collections?

In the Loan Collection at South Kensington we note two fine shields, apparently of beaten iron, enriched with gold. The first of these is circular, containing a representation of St. George and the Dragon in the centre, with an embossed border. It is attributed to the fifteenth century. The other is rather larger, of elliptical form, with a border of trophies; the central part representing, in fairly executed *mezzo-relievo*, some historical scene which we cannot at the moment identify. Of course the Roman costume of the personages represented gives no aid. We should have thought it designed for the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, but for the circumstance that the dusky and long-robed lady holds two keys in her hand; so that the surrender of some city, or the triumphal entrance of some royal personage, appears to be commemorated. A little angel flies above, carrying a crown for the principal figure. The work is of the sixteenth century. In the same case are a very beautiful dish of Limoges enamel, representing Melchizedek blessing Abraham, which is sent by Mrs. H. S. Hope; a small altar cross, and an incense burner, of very elaborate workmanship. A collection of curious knives accompanies the shields.

SCHOOLS OF ART.

BRISTOL.—The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes took place on the 6th of December, in the room of the Fine Arts Academy: Mr. P. W. S. Miles occupied the chair, and Mr. T. Gambier Parry delivered an appropriate address, and presented the rewards. The chairman remarked that the school had done exceedingly well during the year, for it numbered among the pupils two recipients of Queen's prizes, besides numerous others, while more than twenty works of Art had been retained at Kensington to be put in competition for the gold medal. There was, however, one important point to which he desired to call attention; and that was the debt of about £650 with which the school had for some time been hampered, and their object should be to get it paid off as

speedily as possible. It did seem extraordinary that in a large city like Bristol no assistance should be given by the municipal authorities: in Cardiff, a much smaller town, municipal prizes and municipal subscriptions were given to the local School of Art, while Bristol had to depend solely upon private subscriptions. Such a wail of complaint is nothing new to us, for this wealthy city has never proved itself active in the cause of Art, even when its own interests are more or less immediately concerned.

CARLISLE.—At the last annual meeting of the supporters of this institution, for distributing the prizes and for other business, the report said that "The committee have great satisfaction in stating that the school still continues to maintain a high standard of success; the work of the past year having placed it the sixteenth on the list, there being 107 schools in the United Kingdom." The bishop of the diocese was present, and addressed the meeting in some very sensible and spirited remarks.

CHIPPENHAM.—This school, it is stated, will in all probability be closed, unless the working-classes avail themselves more than they now care to do of the instruction it offers.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—An exhibition of a selection of works, executed during the present year by the pupils of this institution, was opened on the 2nd and 3rd of December. By Miss Emily Selous, who distinguished herself last year, and gained the Queen's gold medal this season, were a well-modelled statuette of the famous Discobolus, or quoit-player, a most attractive head of our Saviour, and some carefully-executed models of hands and feet. Miss Whiteman Webb and Miss Edith Boyle received each a silver national medal, the latter for a clever design for a screen. Miss Julia Pocock, who, in 1869, won the Queen's medal, and this year gained a national bronze medal, was an exhibitor both of sculpture and painting: her works in the former class being a statuette after the antique, and a Venus; in the latter class, paintings and drawings from the life, and fruit-pieces. The other ladies to whom were awarded national bronze medals are Miss Alice Ellis and Miss Alice Locke, the latter for a beautiful drawing of the *Lilium lancifolium*. Miss Louisa Gann, the able superintendent of this school, keeps it nearly, if not quite, at the head of all similar institutions in the kingdom.

ISLINGTON.—The prize-winners at the last examination of this school received their awards, towards the close of the year just passed, from the hands of Professor Huxley. Since the foundation of the school, in 1862, the pupils have succeeded in carrying off several gold, silver, and bronze medals, in addition to two exhibitions of £50 each, tenable for three years, and six scholarships of the value of £10 each.

MAIDSTONE.—The distribution of prizes to the students of the Maidstone school was made, towards the close of the year, at the Concert Hall, after an exhibition of their drawings in a room of the Corn Exchange. Sir John Lubbock, M.P., gave away the prizes. The report for the past year states, that in reviewing the progress of the "night-classes," it is a great satisfaction to the committee to find that the number of students in attendance continues to be so well sustained, and that the classes are self-supporting. The pupils of all classes have passed their examination most creditably. "The committee," the report goes on to say, would be glad to be able to commence an Art-library, and would be grateful for gifts of books, of that class. Rack volumes of the *Art-Journal* and the *Builder* would be most acceptable.

MARYLEBONE.—Sir M. Digby Wyatt presided at the annual meeting, on the 8th of December, for the distribution of prizes: Mr. Stewart, the master, read a report, which showed the institution to be in a most flourishing condition. During the year 1869, 479 students had attended the school, being an excess of 100 over the previous year. The amount received for fees was £100 over the amount so received in 1868. In 1869, 48 prizes had been awarded; the number in 1870 being increased to 112. One student (Mr. James Rowley) had gained a South Kensington scholarship of £50, and six had gained admission to schools of the Society of Arts.

NORTHAMPTON.—A large assembly recently met in the town-hall here, to hear the annual report of the Museum Science and Art classes, and to witness the prizes given away to the successful competitors. The report of the latter states that "The success of the students exceeds that of the two previous years of its existence, and the number of prizes obtained in the second and third grades is greater than that of the two previous years added together. The attendance of the students is highly satisfactory, and maintains an average greater than that of last year."

SHEFFIELD.—The annual meeting of friends and supporters of the school in this town was held in the month of November. The report of the council stated that the school has made steady and satisfactory progress during the year. There had been an increase of forty-four in the number of students, and of £57 3s. 6d. in the amount of fees received. The institution was capable of still further extension, and the council would like to see more artisans and females attending the evening classes.

VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES.

THE COLLECTION OF H. J. TURNER, ESQ.,
HAMILTON TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD.

THE works noticed in the columns that follow constitute an agreeable and very valuable assemblage of pictures and drawings. In testimony of their worth, it might be enough to mention the names of the artists, but that would not suffice to indicate their superior excellence. The principle guiding the selection in this case, seems to be that, when *capi d'opera* are not to be had, we find always the nearest procurable approach to the highest degree. The foreign artists represented are MM. Gérôme, Jalabert, Isabey, Tadema, Fortuny, Bonnat, and Mlle. Rosa Bonheur: those of our own schools are D. Roberts, R.A.; E. M. Ward, R.A.; W. P. Frith, R.A.; J. Phillip, R.A.; J. E. Millais, R.A.; T. Faed, R.A.; E. W. Cooke, R.A.; W. E. Frost, A.R.A.; J. Pettie, A.R.A.; S. Solomon, J. Clark, J. Linnell, F. Tayler, E. Duncan, J. Gilbert, S. Prout, W. Hunt, F. W. Topham, H. B. Willis, and J. Holland, &c. &c.; and of many of these there are several examples.

Of the water-colour drawings covering the walls of the drawing-room, one of the first to catch the eye is that very original production, 'The Prisoner,' by Gérôme. The prisoner is some traitorous bey, or, it may be, pasha, who has been seized, bound, packed in a boat, and is being conveyed either to confinement, or to suffer some one of those prompt forms of execution so well known to Orientals. The rowers are two strong boatmen, who sweep the boat along at a rapid rate. Besides the oarsmen, there are two other persons: one is a presumed necessity, whose presence indicates the gravity of the offence committed; his orders are to shoot the prisoner at once, if he make resistance. The other is a native musician—a guitarist, who is seated in the stern of the boat, and sings in the ear of the doomed man the catalogue of his enormities, and in his own muscular poetry brings out in strong relief the immediate prospect of the bow-string, or some other less merciful manner of execution. This is a story which involves a history. When it is said this is perhaps the most remarkable drawing M. Gérôme has ever produced, it is the highest praise which can be pronounced on it. There is also by the same painter 'The Hour of Prayer,' wherein appears an expanse of desert, through which a numerous caravan is dragging its slow length along, with its ultimate extremity lost in the distant waste. The immediate point of the picture is a good Mussulman at his devotions, for which purpose he has separated himself from the caravan.

'Dante,' also by Gérôme, has been engraved for the *Art-Journal*, and will appear in due course. It is to be observed of all the works of this artist that the great feature of his originality

is his selection of subject, which is generally of a character extremely difficult to render. He shows himself quite independent of all that has been done before him. His progress is that of a solitary who takes no direction wherein he has been preceded. This drawing is based on that anecdote in which Dante is said to have visited the lower regions whenever he pleased, and to have returned safely to earth again. This power was vulgarly attributed to him in Florence, inasmuch that mothers pointed him out as a bugbear to their children. He appears here pacing in deep thought a well-mown grassy pleasure on the left bank of the Arno, somewhere below the Ponte Vecchio, at a point whence we see the Duomo, the tower of the Baptistery, and the more distant Fiesole, all just distinguishable in the golden flood of the afternoon sun-glow. The personal peculiarities of Dante, as we know them, are not to be mistaken; and the circumstances of the composition are so appropriately conceived as to point directly to the vulgar renown which attached to him. A woman behind him points him out with outstretched arm to her child; and to a group of pleasure-seekers on the right he is an object of interested observation. The artist has thought fit to represent him as beyond the

"Mezzo del cammin di nostra vita;"

but this is Dante's statement at the commencement of the "Inferno," and the artist could not present him to us so young after the acquisition of his enviable notoriety. The subject is undoubtedly one of extreme difficulty, but had the drawing no title at all, it could point to nothing else than Dante, and to this passage of his life. The impersonation, moreover, is that of Dante and of no other man.

'The Market Cart—Evening,' Birket Foster, presents a party of cottage-children driving a cart in a green lane; or through a line of passage, perhaps more difficult to treat—an open track, richly garnished with herbage and ground shrubbery. This, it will be seen, is precisely the material in the delineation of which Mr. Foster excels. There is, as is frequently the case in his works, a glimpse of distance very sweetly harmonising with the foreground. Mr. Foster has many imitators, but they follow him only *longo intervallo*.

Another highly-wrought drawing by Birket Foster affords a view of a small river with broken banks. The time is evening, and some cattle have been driven thither to drink before quitting their pasture. The components are not grand in their character, but there is very much more sweetness in this scene than is generally found in Mr. Foster's rustic conceptions. 'Gathering Elderberries,' by the same hand, is a work in another vein, presenting simply a party of cottage-children; and these form the pith of the proposition, as on them the very modest accompaniment of landscape throws the entire burden of entertaining the eye. 'The Bird's Nest,' also by B. Foster, is one of those small rustic studies of which he has made so many. It tells of a village-boy who shows his sister a nest he has just taken.

'The Widow,' by F. Willems, pictures a lady in mourning, brooding in sad and silent grief over the portrait of her departed husband. If she were alone the drawing would but reproduce an incident that has formed the subject of numerous pictures and drawings; but she has a companion, which at once removes the conception far away from the circle of that commonplace, beyond which mere ordinary sentiment has never carried the subject. Her companion is a noble deer-hound, crouching at her feet, his head resting on his paws, and his eyes fixed on the picture, a full-length, from before which the curtain has been drawn aside. This is a new and touching feature in the story; and if we question the amount of intelligence which would lead the animal thus to give a new value to this version of an oft-repeated melancholy tale, it may be answered and maintained that it is not beyond his instincts to sympathise with us in affliction, or to recognise our expressions of gladness.

'The Disputed Point,' by Topham, is an importation from a Spanish wine-house, one of those centres of irresponsible indolence where-

in circulate the ragged *far niente* of Spanish cities, who are all addicted to play, and are excited by it even more than by the romantic politics which have coloured their country's history for nearly a hundred years. The gamblers are perhaps muleteers, of whom one has risen from his seat and is angrily remonstrating with, or it may be threatening, his antagonist in regard of some real or supposed act of unfair play. 'Market Day at Segovia,' by the same artist, has also for its scene the entrance to a house of entertainment, where we see a mule caparisoned for travel, and still bearing on its back one of the company of wayfarers. We must receive, as an exact translation of the national spirit, the utterances that reach us from the persons represented in these admirable drawings.

'The Hawking Party,' F. Tayler. By the personal equipments and other appointments here, we learn that this "meet" took place about, or before, the middle of the last century. The prominent figures are a lady and a gentleman on horseback, to whom the artist has given that easy grace which distinguishes those whom he intends to represent as of superior condition. The horses and dogs are very masterly, and the drawing has all the sparkle which marks Mr. Tayler's best works.

By E. Duncan, as contrasting strongly with his wild and stormy seas and skies, we turn to 'Northfleet Creek,' a place of such apparent natural tranquillity that the water looks as if it had never been disturbed by a ripple, nor the sky by any mischievous cloud. There are groups of boats near and far; and, to assist the voiceless quietude of the place, there is a boy with his line in the water most patiently waiting for a bite. With all this quiet profession, Mr. Duncan is the stormy petrel of his time. And in this capacity he places before us 'The Wreck off Culver Cliff,' to which we refer for the sake of contrasting it with the calm of the other picture. Here a noble ship has been capsized and lies hampered with wreck, the sea at the same time breaking over her in irresistible masses. The life-boat is rescuing a portion of the crew, who are leaving the helpless vessel by means of the loose spars. The whole is overshadowed by a sky not made up of ordinary forms of clouds—these being riven by the winds into dark sheets of scud admirably managed to describe the violence of the tempest. There is no horizon: the heaving waters and the flying drift coincide in the formation of a drop-scene, behind which the fancy is left to work out its own imagery. 'After the Wreck' is the painful conclusion of the story. The ship has been driven ashore under the perpendicular chalk cliff which dominates the beach. Nothing is left but a portion of the timbers forming the skeleton of the hull, and these remains are surrounded by parties of men engaged in breaking up and carting away the wreck. Although showing the utmost violence of the sea, there is in these works no exaggeration. This is particularly remarked in another valuable drawing, 'A Capful of Wind,' in which we see a fishing-boat all but overwhelmed by one enormous wave.

'Sunset—Venice,' E. W. Cooke, R.A. [This is one of those very telling drawings in which Mr. Cooke paints the sky after sundown over the Venetian waters. The heavens are charged with clouds, but the sentiment is that of repose. In the immediate foreseen there is a vessel at anchor, but other general objects are kept out of the picture.]

A brilliant drawing, 'The Doorway of Caen Cathedral,' by S. Prout, sets forth the ample enrichments of the entrance. The ragged figures in the side niches and all the ancient Gothic ornamentation are precisely of the character which Prout drew with such taste and force, and to which he gave so much value. There are also two light and elegant works by the late James Holland, which will bear comparison with any of his minor productions. One is a view from the 'Piazzetta, Venice,' looking through the open space between the palace and the library; the other is 'Innsprück.'

We have by John Gilbert, whose descent from tragedy to farce is so easy and pleasant—his famous conception of Falstaff's ragged

regiment. The scene is the court before Justice Shallow's house, and in the arrangement and its spirit are fully maintained the pith and humour of the text. Falstaff lounges heavily, but at his ease, in his seat, and addresses individually by word and gesture his ill-favoured and ungainly levy. We see at once that it is Feeble, the woman's tailor, who is at this moment under examination. Mr. Gilbert has given Falstaff much of the air of a gentleman, notwithstanding the epithets bestowed on him by Prince Henry. We do not remember any other version of this subject. Certain it is that no other artist could embody more successfully the spirit of the scene. By G. Cattermole is a drawing presenting a judicial assembly characterised by all that solemn dignity which this artist could so effectively communicate to his graver creations: it is called 'The Council.'

By David Roberts, R.A., is one of those elaborate studies of church-interiors made for engraving; it exemplifies the ecclesiastical architecture of Spain. The subject is well known from the plate as being rich beyond all the church ornamentation of Northern Europe. It shows a portion of the interior of the Cathedral of Toledo. 'A Pine and Grapes,' W. Hunt, is in colour and finish equal to his most successful works. In 'A Group of Cows,' H. B. Willis, the animals are drawn with a relief and substantial roundness very rarely attained in similar studies.

To complete this notice of the drawings, we must mention a few others which, although for the most part small, are yet distinguished by excellent quality, as 'The Lake of Lucerne' and 'Massa, on the Bay of Naples,' by John Brett; 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'The Evening Walk,' 'The Virtuoso,' and 'The Book-Worm,' by J. D. Watson; and 'Out of the World,' F. Walker. The works hitherto described are all water-colour drawings distributed in the drawing-room, every available inch of the walls of which is covered, so that many small works of exquisite quality are hung too high for such an examination as would enable us to do them justice.

We now proceed to an examination of the oil-pictures: these are hung in the library and dining-room. The well-remembered canvas by J. Pettie, called by its author 'Pax vobiscum' (? *tecum*), shows us a monk of the jocund type of the Clerk of Copmanhurst. He is ample in person and florid in face. He has just dined, and, good easy man, pleased with himself and satisfied with all the world, he is in the act of bestowing his blessing on a mouse which has ventured forth of its hole to dine also on a crumb that has fallen from his well-furnished table. He addresses the mouse earnestly and heartily, and the little animal by its perfect composure shows that it is in a familiar presence. 'The Dancing-Lesson' is another of Mr. Pettie's happy conceits. The *persona* of the entertainment are a little girl, and her master who is executing a rapid movement on his violin to the inspiring measure of which the child is flying on tiptoe and on all the wings of her gauze draperies, very much to the satisfaction of the professor who is seated, marking the time, and smiling at the perfect success of his pupil, who is evidently in training for a *pirouettiste*. It is one of Mr. Pettie's best essays, and was engraved a year or two ago in the *Art-Journal* as one of the illustrations accompanying a sketch of the life of this artist. The work which, we believe, brought him into notice is, with its pendant, also in this collection. It is 'The Time and the Place,' it introduces us to a person who resembles very much one of the heroes in 'Woodstock.' He stands with his drawn rapier, waiting impatiently the appearance of his antagonist, whom we see in another picture hastening to keep his engagement, and as ready for the conflict as the other.

Among the other familiar and famous pictures in this collection, we find 'The Sick Child,' by Clark; one of those works which form at once a reputation for their authors. It is so well-known as to render description unnecessary. By Edouard Frère is another domestic subject carried out with infinite taste and delicacy: it is called 'Evening Prayer,' and consists of a group—a mother and her two children, one on her lap and the other by her side. This

little picture has all the simplicity, and many of the best points, of those of the celebrities of the Dutch school. Another, that once seen can never be forgotten, is a picture by Bonnat representing a portion of the *facade* of the church in Rome, on the steps of which are still found models for hire. For a picture seriously executed, the arrangement of the figures is one of the most daring we have ever seen, and it is the more striking because the whole is carried out with great success. The originality of the work is such as at once to rivet the attention. It is entitled 'Ribera at Rome:' the Spanish artist is on the steps sketching from one of the figures near him. A small life-sized study of an Italian child in *contadina* costume, by Jalobert, has received an interest far beyond the common class of these studies by the moving tenderness of the expression, and the masterly cunning of its mechanical feeling.

'A Street-Scene in Pompeii,' by Tadema, has cost the artist much study and learned inquiry. It is true there are authorities which supply patterns of all the material in the composition, but there is an air of probability about the whole that indicates earnest and profitable study of a kind to which artists do not commonly devote themselves. The place is a flower-market, through which a Pompeian, one of the upper five hundred, is idly strolling, as if to recover from the languor consequent on a prolonged festive indulgence of the night before. To make a subject like this interesting, it is necessary to penetrate, not only the depths of classic lore, but to be highly gifted with the best qualifications of a painter. According to the ideas we gather from well-accredited authorities it is the most truthful modern picture of Pompeian life we have ever seen. Another not less remarkable work 'The Amateur,' by Fortuny, represents simply one of the large and gorgeously decorated rooms of a palace wherein a gentleman is seated examining works of Art brought to him by servants in rich liveries. It is not often we point to execution as a marvel of eloquent expression, but the working of this picture, although it might be called sketchy, and even loose, is rich in fanciful and endless suggestion—far beyond any elaborate classic or renaissance composition—which shows at once its beginning and its end. The only essay from English history is a small picture by E. M. Ward, R.A., the subject being that of his noble work at South Kensington, 'King James the Second receiving the News of the landing of the Prince of Orange.' This, it would seem, is the sketch made preparatorily to the painting of the large picture, of which it has all the point and force. By W. E. Frost, A.R.A., are two small pictures of infinite grace and beauty: one is a 'Bather surprised,' a single nude figure; the other, a group of draped figures, 'Nymphs lamenting Narcissus,' is a composition rather darker than he usually paints. 'Pot-Luck,' T. Faed, R.A., shows two cottage-children feeding fowls from a porridge pot. The two are enveloped in one large shawl, and their posing is very sculptural. The picture has all the solidity and firmness which characterise Mr. Faed's works. 'A View on the Amazon,' by Mignot, pronounces at once whence its material is derived.

We now come to the paintings which cover the walls of the dining-room. These are of course, from their size, less numerous than the drawings, which, in the other rooms, individually occupy less space. Here the centre-piece is 'Cleopatra before Cæsar,' it may be safely ranked as M. Gérôme's masterpiece. In the severely classical treatment of this picture, there is as much to study as there would have been to condemn, had the composition been full of vain pretension. The Egyptian queen has just been introduced by an Egyptian chamberlain, who has removed from her the rich drapery that enveloped her; and she now stands before Cæsar uncovered, save by a hanging drapery of gauze-like texture. The contemplation of this figure declares the directions which M. Gérôme's studies in physical ethnology have taken. Again and again we are reminded that in the beauties of the Egyptian queen everything is Egyptian—nothing Greek. Cæsar, who is seated, and has been writing, only raises his head and expresses his admiration. The bust of Cæsar in the

British Museum is a miserable production; yet in the cast of the features there is a resemblance, yet with an expression of character incomparably more firm and decided. The picture bears everywhere a tone of learning and profound study. W. P. Frith's 'Pope and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu,' we need not describe, as it is so well-known. Here it is, with, on the one side, all its laughing mockery—on the other, all its bitter chagrin. It is more mellow than when it first appeared, some eight years ago.

Two works by J. Linnell are rendered very important by the care he has bestowed upon their completion. One is 'Southampton Water,' a landscape of an aspect which he does not often paint, as presenting a piece of rugged ground ascending to the right, crested by brush-wood and a weird looking tree or two; beyond this the view opens to the left. In the other, 'Feeding Sheep,' we are told that the season is towards the end of the year, for the flock is fed on 'turnips.' In both, the time of the day is evening: in one, twilight deepening from daylight; in the other twilight fading into night. Frequently Mr. Linnell's landscapes are only bases for skies; but here the landscapes and the skies have most studiously been made to respond to each other.

'Dolores at the Balcony' and 'Love's Labour Lost' are two small head and bust studies by J. Phillip, R.A., very different in character, but each qualified with beauties peculiar to its sentiment. Dolores wears the full national costume of her sex; and, armed with a fan, is gazing anxiously on the street; to what end it may be understood. This is strictly according to Mr. Phillip's Spanish experience; but the other is one of those exalted heroines of Shakspeare who profess the master-passion in its utmost purity. Dolores, notwithstanding her name, is happy in her love; but the other has been disappointed, yet changes only in death. 'Too Truthful,' by Solomon, has about it much of the savour of Pepys's Diary. The situations are as comic as anything suggested in that much-quoted compendium: a gentleman well stricken in years, with his comparatively youthful wife, visits the studio of a painter to whom he has been sitting for his portrait, which has been made so like him, that he is abusing the poor artist in no measured terms, and the lady, by her lofty disdain, endorses all he says. The artist is struck dumb by such a stormy visitation. So well is the anecdote told, that we read not only all which is intended to be set forth on the canvas, but we understand all the circumstances that are not recorded.

'Oxen Ploughing,' Rosa Bonheur, looks like the preparatory study for the large and well-known picture which was exhibited in London some years ago. 'A Scene in the Landes,' also by Mlle. Bonheur, descriptive of a section of that wide and weary desolation seen by the light of the declining sun, shows us a couple of the stilted shepherds of the region bringing home their flock after the day's pasture. They are accompanied by a cart, drawn by oxen, driven by a female aid—wife or sister. The desert-like landscape and the moving life in the picture represent without question exactly what Mlle. Bonheur has seen.

By Isabey is a remarkable sea-side scene called 'The Court of Louis XIV. at Fecamp.' Amid the boats and all the fishing paraphernalia of the inhabitants is a large assemblage of ladies and gentlemen dressed according to the fashion of the time. Teniers, or at least one of the Low Country artists, painted a "season" of his day at Scheveningen, but it was by no means so complete as this work by M. Isabey. A study by J. E. Millais, R.A.—a female head—called 'Keeping the Promise,' reminds us much, in all but complexion, of the wife of Andrea del Sarto. The complexion is unusually sanguine, but not more so than some we have seen in life. 'Out of Employment' is another of J. Pettie's works; by De Haas there is 'Cattle,' and a 'Storm' by E. W. Cooke, R.A. And thus we conclude our notice of a well-selected collection, varied with pictures and drawings in water-colours and oil, foreign and English, of which the principal are the choicest of their respective classes, and are well known to a large circle of lovers of Art.

THE NEW-BRITISH INSTITUTION, 39, OLD BOND STREET.

THIS institution has been opened on principles which, we think, cannot fail to win the confidence of the profession. The committee consists of twenty-four gentlemen, who claim no prescriptive rights beyond the least known of the contributors, and among whom are members of our most eminent Art-societies. The "line of sight" is not privileged to names merely influential. A glance round the walls convinces the visitor at once that he has before him an instance of an innovation, to which, with all his heart, he will wish health and strength—its principle, being, the best works in the best places, and to productions of secondary and minor degrees, places according to their respective merits.

The drawings and pictures of H.R.H. the Crown-Princess of Prussia and H.R.H. the Princess Louise (already noticed in the *Art-Journal*) are still to be seen in this gallery—a circumstance, to which we invite attention, as they will become private property through the instrumentality of an Art-union. To refer immediately to the material of the exhibition, we turn to No. 36, by Carl Haag: it is without a title—a small life-sized profile of a lady, and an elegant study, carried out with the very perfection of working. The colour is rich and mature—a result which must have been wanting in less skilful hands. 'Joan of Arc' (145), J. M. Jopling, is a large drawing, showing wisely only the head and bust of the figure; these are cased in plate-armour, which looks, by the way, like a tilting suit, rather than a field panoply. The work is, however, very successful in drawing. In 'The last March of King Edward I.' (152), W. B. Scott, we see the king borne on a bier, attended by armed knights and attendants, with all the ceremonial pomp of his state and style. The drawing looks like a preparation for a mural painting. 'Zara' (168), H. Tidey, is a sketch of a girl with a water-pitcher, as if waiting at a spring; the figure is well drawn and pretty. By the same artist, 'A Sea-urchin,' is a very attractive sketch presenting a poor fisherman's boy in very scant drapery, now ready for any low-tide enterprise, from sailing a boat with a paper sail to hunting tiny crabs under the sea-weed. In a much loftier strain W. E. Frost, A.R.A., invites attention to a 'Bacchante and Boy' (284) and a 'Nymph and Cupid,' in both of which the artist proves himself animated by a genuine classic afflatus. Like all Mr. Frost puts forth, they are graceful conceptions, and would help well to illustrate a holiday edition of Ovid's *Epistles*. 'A Study on the Moselle,' W. C. T. Dobson, A.R.A., is a sketch of a girl's head covered with a loose white drapery. The features have all that Teutonic breadth which we so often see in Mr. Dobson's works. This is the first we have ever seen of this painter's water-colour essays. H. B. Willis exhibits 'A Scene near Oban, in the Western Highlands,' which he treats in his own peculiarly bucolical vein, and with great richness and harmony of colour. By A. W. Williams there is a flat tract, requiring very skilful treatment to render it at all interesting; it is called 'On the Marshes at Tenby' (14), and derives much of its interest from the ground, near and distant, being broken by hummocks and pools of water, which reflect the warm evening sky. We seem to be taken back to the golden age by the 'Enjoyment of Plenty' (35), by Lorenz Fröhlich: three nude children with a quantity of fruit. The arrangement, with a little modification, would come out well as a bas-relief. 'Moonlight—Loch Fyne, Inverary' (41), F. F. Bannatyne, is a pleasing drawing; as are also 'A Surrey Lane' (62), E. A. Waterlow; and 'A Norfolk Lane' (65), A. J. Stark; in 'Raising the Wind' (67), J. Henderson, the idea is a boy exerting himself to fill the sail of his tiny boat—the expression of the idea is very literal. 'A Summer Shower' (104), E. M. Wimperis, is a view from an eminence over a richly-wooded country,

diversified like the most picturesque parts of Surrey, the garden of the home counties; the sky repays the judicious elaboration with which it has been worked. 'Roses' (133), F. Slocombe, shows more than the title suggests, that a lady wearing a head-dress of the fifteenth century; the association is at least original. By E. Gill is a study from nature—'Pont Nedd Vaughn, South Wales' (134): a stream rushing downward over its rocky bed. The works exhibited by this artist are generally compositions, but admirably put together.

'Villa Doria Pamphili, Rome' (135), A. B. Donaldson, is a small drawing, treating rather of the gardens of the palace, than showing the building itself: Italian pines form, of course, a striking feature in the view. 'Embroidering the Raefen—the sacred Standard of the Danes' (136), C. P. Slocombe, refers to the standard taken in the time of Alfred by Odon, Earl of Devon, which is here represented as being worked by the three sisters of Hubba, superintended by Hubba himself; the drawing is very careful throughout. 'At Bay' (148), W. T. Mickleby, shows a man apparently besieged in a house, from the window of which he is firing down on his besiegers: it is worthy of a better title. In the 'Bridge on the Cladick river, Argyshire,' J. J. Bannatyne, is much worthy of commendation. 'The Father's Portrait' (175), Miss Hunter, tells at once its own tale; but, on the other hand, in Mr. Claxton's drawing, 'Waiting,' the figure does not respond to the title. It is a masterly half-length study of a man in a Rubens hat and vest and doublet. W. E. Frost's small drawing (211), representing a woman evidently in terror, and hiding with her child from pursuers, can only bear allusion to 'The Murder of the Innocents.' It reminds the observer of a once popular print from a picture by Delaroche. 'The head of Loch Coruisk, Skye,' H. Macalun, is a drawing of much power: the wildness and gloom of the scene are very impressive: the loch is here narrowed to the width of a small stream beset with enormous masses of rock. The treatment is well adapted to the subject. By J. Hayllar are two drawings, pendants, called respectively 'At Peep o' Day' (257) and 'Five Minutes' Rest' (221): in the former of which a little boy having been presented with a new toy, a drum above all things, is exercising himself with the drumsticks much to his own enjoyment, but to the great disturbance of a peaceably inclined family. In the second he has fallen asleep from sheer fatigue, and the title is accompanied by a sigh of relief which can only be an expiration given forth from real experience. 'Mount Orgueil—Jersey' (227), E. Rieck, is so crowded as to look artificial; yet the execution throughout is perfect, and the aspect proposed successfully made out—indeed, the feeling of the drawing is unexceptionable. We know Mr. Beavis as a painter of horses, and his equine studies are all living and moving; but this is the first time we meet with him in water-colours, and in association with the subjugated and patient ox. The drawing is called 'Resting' (235): a couple of oxen at plough, which are so well and carefully made out that the group would admit of enlargement in oil. There is a marked difference between the land and the sea scene usually exhibited by E. Duncan. 'Falmouth from St. Mawes' (242), is a quiet, comfortable locality, with somewhat of a foreign cast about it, and without a passage of ambiguous description. It is difficult to conceive this of the man who deals with the striving winds and waves, not merely as if he were an "old salt," but a very Triton. The interior of the Duomo at Florence finds but few painters with enterprise enough to commit it to canvas or paper, so uninviting is the subject. W. Shoobridge, however, has been bold enough to paint the 'South Transept—Preaching of Savonarola,' which is perhaps a minor essay, to be carried out on a larger scale with impersonations of marked character. On the other hand, the 'Chapel of St. Margaret, in St. Jacques—Dieppe' (247), S. Read, is interesting from the judgment evinced in the choice of the subject, and the manner in which it has been brought forward. In 'Homeward

Bound,' G. S. Walters (243), the title is well supported by a fishing-boat which shows by the mainsail being taken in she is nearing the beach. 'On the Mole, near Betchworth, Surrey,' T. C. Dibdin, is conscientiously followed out according to Hood's lines descriptive of 'Autumn.' A. W. Williams's drawing, 'A Gale' (251), although a dire tumult of waters without allusion to human life, has in it more of exalted feeling than the class of landscape he usually paints.

Among the remaining drawings some are modest in their claim to merit, others possess superior claims to excellence, as 'Lynmouth Beach and Foreland' (261), A. Macdonald; 'Cadiz Idris from Llyn Gwernan' (262), Miss Freeman Kempton; 'Still-Pool near Capel Curig' (267), W. L. Kerry; 'Eurydice' (279), W. E. Frost, A.R.A.; 'Primulas' (276), J. Blackham; 'Nina' (278), Georgina Swift; 'Villo Borghese—Rome' (303), A. B. Donaldson; 'Village of Barbizon, France—Evening Effect' (289); 'The Miss Kenwicks take their first French Lesson' (295), W. Gale; 'The Ducklings' (296), J. A. Winter; 'The Pet Kid' (281), J. Bouvier; 'Study of a Head' (307), Helen Thornycroft; 'The River Mole, near Leatherhead' (327), W. Kämpel; 'Ruth,' E. T. Haynes; 'Windfalls' (328), Marian Chase; 'Palace of the Cardinal Patriarch, Venice' (338), A. B. Donaldson; and others by F. Volck, W. Gale, W. Henry, W. Limbrey, G. Bouvier, L. Fröhlich, T. J. Soper, &c. Many of the contributors stand in the foremost ranks of the profession, and as far as can be seen by the promise of the exhibition they who do not yet enjoy that distinction will be helped forward to reputation by this Institution.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM WEBSTER, ESQ., BLACKHEATH.

A VISIT TO THE ARMOURER.

G. B. O'Neill, Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.

SAVE as a plaything, though a dangerous one, in the hands of boyhood, the crossbow is a thing of the past; in former days it was a deadly weapon when used, by our forefathers at Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, and elsewhere. In Mr. O'Neill's capital picture, the stalwart armourer, who may himself have done good execution with some such instrument as he holds in his hand, seems to be explaining its uses to the juveniles who have paid a visit to his workshop in the lower regions of the castle, or the "moated hall," which is their paternal residence. He is manifestly eloquent in its praise; the boy listens thoughtfully while he scrutinises the weapon closely; his sister looks wonderingly and half-fearfully into the face of the man, and holds the arm of her brother, as if for protection: by the way, she handles her pretty little pet-dog most uncomfortably; but the excitement of the story may, it is presumed, plead justification for the neglect of her favourite.

The figures of the youthful pair form an elegant contrast with that of the rough and stout armourer, and the trio are most effectively grouped. All the accessories of the picture—the bits of armour under repair, the swords to be re-furnished, the furniture of the smithery, &c.—have their place in the composition, and are so appropriately placed as to carry out and support its leading idea. The lesson learned by the boy in that workshop may be found useful in after-life when he dons casque and breastplate and brassards, and the rest of the panoply of war, to meet his adversary in tournament or battle-field.



J. B. O'NEILL. PINXT

P. LIGHTFOOT. SCULPT

A VISIT TO THE ARMOURER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF WILLIAM WEBSTER, ESQ. BLACKHEATH.



A REVIEW OF
ART IN ENGLAND IN 1870.

THE character of the year 1870, as regards the display of objects of Art, has been rather that of promise and of expectation than of actual performance. Of the exhibitions of paintings and drawings we have spoken, month by month, at length—such length that a mere *résumé* would be in extent sufficient to form an independent article. When it is remembered that there were at one time open in London, last spring, no fewer than twenty separate exhibitions—including those of dealers—and that among them the Royal Academy displayed 1,229 works, it must be confessed that, at all events in the number of productions exhibited, 1870 has shown no falling off. Apart from the regular and the sale exhibitions, the principal novelties of the year have been the exhibition of the loan collection of old masters and deceased English artists at Burlington House; that of selections from the galleries of the Marquis of Westminster and Lord Elcho, at the South Kensington Museum; and that of the original drawings of Raffaele and Michael Angelo, lent by her Majesty and by other fortunate proprietors to the Burlington Fine-Arts Club. A strong impulse is likely to be given to two distinct branches of English Art, namely, landscape-painting and water-colour-drawing, by the noble works exhibited from the easel of Mr. Bierstadt, and of the Chevalier Fortuni. Of the progress of that wonderful art in which the pencil of light replaces the pencil of camel's hair, we have spoken so recently, and at such length, that it is only necessary to remind our readers of the beauty of the photographs of American mountain-scenery, sent from San Francisco, and of the more recently displayed triumphs of Mrs. Cameron, of Colonel Stuart Wortley, of Mr. R. Faulkner, and of W. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells.

In respect to Industrial Art, the sudden outburst of the Franco-German war has put a stop to projected exhibitions at Aix-la-Chapelle and elsewhere. Rome signalled the last year of the temporal power by a feeble parody of national display, which failed to attract attention even from the ordinary residents and visitors of the City. The Russian Industrial Exhibition, of which we have been alone in furnishing an account to the English public, has raised the question as to whether any ancient Russian Art ever had existence, or whether Byzantine tradition on the one hand, and borrowing from Norse or Teutonic sources on the other, does not cover all that is claimed as of Muscovite origin. In the work of the goldsmith and silversmith, and in that of the wood-carver, the chief objects of interest in this exhibition were to be found.

The textile Art of India has been fully and admirably illustrated, by the care of the Indian Government and the industry of Dr. Forbes Watson, in a display at the India Museum in Downing Street; and, later in the year, in the Workmen's International Exhibition. While the presentation to the English manufacturer of samples or patterns of those productions which suit the traditional taste of the inhabitants of our great oriental empire has been the chief motive of the collections in question, the articles in wood-carving and inlaying, ivory-carving, jade, onyx, inlaid metal, and other materials have a wide and striking interest. Untiring patience, involving labour that takes no heed of the brief limit of life, is the most prominent characteristic of Indian, as it is of Chinese, Art. But together with this must be noted a subtle perception of harmony in colour, in which we have much to learn from the dusky artificer. The most brilliant glories of crimson and gold enchant the eye by their harmonious splendour in some of these costly tissues. In others, pale greens and blues and pinks are blended in composition as subtle as that of nature herself. Alike in the splendid and in the subdued, harmony is almost invariably to be found, and the very vagaries of arabesque patterns seem regulated by an instinctive appreciation of the subordination of form to colour. The woven gossamer of Dacca can never be examined

without wonder. The attempt to imitate exactly some of the productions of the Indian looms would be far more advantageous to our manufacturers than any effort to excel them.

At about the time when these exquisite specimens of Oriental Art were on view in Downing Street, the Society of Arts called attention to the native works sent in competition for the prizes they had so liberally offered. We can only hope that all our best workmen have been too fully employed to spare time for any but directly ordered work.

Under the heads most appropriate we have referred to the chief attractions of the Workmen's International Exhibition, the financial non-success of which has proved such a disappointment to many of its excellent supporters. It is evident that those who seek, disinterestedly and benevolently, to arouse the attention and to earn the hearty response of the English workman to their efforts to raise him in the scale of artificers, have as yet been rewarded with but scant success. The Agricultural Hall has only repeated the lesson given in the rooms of the Society of Arts. Individual productions of the highest merit were to be noticed; but adequate response from the working classes of England there was none.

The Art-Union of London, in the thirty-fourth year of its existence, has raised the amount of its subscriptions to £10,700, and has distributed 476 prizes in the year, besides the copy of "Hereward the Wake," given to every subscriber. The success of this valuable institution, and of its respected neighbour, the Ceramic Art-Union, has led to numerous attempts to prey upon the ignorance of the public; and the love of a raffle (which has such charms for so many minds) has caused the establishment of certain shilling Art-Unions, which, if they keep on the windy side of the law, are still in direct contravention of the purpose of legislation. The responsibility of the Government for the *quasi* sanction they have given to those predatory institutions is not light.

The embellishment of the metropolis has advanced in no slight degree during the past year. The opening of the Thames Embankment to public traffic has for the first time convinced many of us of the claims of London to architectural beauty. From the Mansion House towards Blackfriars, from Whitehall Place, and from other points of the inner route from Westminster to the City, broad lines of way are pierced, or are being pierced, to the river. The jolting and noisy pavement has been replaced, in one or two favoured localities, by smooth and silent asphalt. The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's have come to the public with "the hat," for the decoration of their noble cathedral; and the Corporation of London has filled the west window of the Guildhall with glass, which, but for one very serious fault of design, would be, like most of the windows in this fine old hall, a credit to English window-stainers. As to the glass in St. Paul's, it is rich and full in colour, but as ill designed for the purpose of filling architectural lights as it is possible to conceive.

At Westminster the Chapter-house is all but complete as far as its skeleton is concerned. The reverent hand of Mr. Scott was—till rendered inactive by serious illness, from which we are glad to know he is now recovering—busy with repairs of the exterior of the Abbey. The whirligig of political advancement has clothed with a little brief authority a person who has taken advantage of official position to make a blind and furious attack upon educated men in general; and especially to imperil the harmony of one of our greatest modern buildings by seeking to replace the architect of the Palace of Westminster by persons who have not the disqualification of being educated for architecture or for Art.

For the purposes of Education, Science, and Art, the civil service estimates for the year 1870-71 amounted to £1,689,790, being an increase of £88,916 on the preceding year. Of this sum about £1,300,000 is devoted to public education in elementary and normal schools, in England and Ireland: this sum will, no doubt, be largely increased in the ensuing year. The Science and Art Department demands out of the remainder £218,000; the British Museum,

£90,000; academies, galleries, and learned societies completing the tale. The sum spent on the Schools of Science has been £32,800; that on those of Art, £34,600: the former giving instruction to 24,925 students and the latter to 18,699, in the day, and 7,258 in the night classes. Thus the State extends its aid so far as to give to some 50,000 students tuition in those important branches of study some acquaintance with which, in the better educated Continental states, is made imperative in every young person. A great effort has been made to ensure the general elementary education of the country. Out of nearly 7,000,000 children under fifteen years of age in Great Britain, 1,797,388 alone are borne on the books of schools, and 1,245,027 are estimated to be the average number actually attending. It remains to be seen how far the Government measure will serve the needs of the 5,000,000 children who, according to the parliamentary return which we quote, appear at the present moment to be in the receipt of no definite or ascertainable education. It is much to be feared that the reference of standard, details, and means of securing attendance, to a number of entirely disconnected, unorganised, local boards throughout the country, will sap the utility of a measure which has already had the effect of fanning into great activity the flames of sectarian discord.

The project of the directors of the South Kensington Museum to open a perpetual International Exhibition has been explained to our readers as fully as the information furnished from time to time by the officers of the institution has allowed. The details, however, will come into the *résumé* of the proceedings of 1871.

At the commencement of the year the course of addition to the buildings at South Kensington brought into view the magnificent reproduction, in electrotype, of the famous Old Testament Gate of the Baptistery at Florence, by Ghiberti. Close by this early fifteenth-century work was displayed a similar copy of the quaint work of Bonanno, dating in 1180, called the 'Porta di San Raniero,' in the Baptistery at Pisa. The fine collection of gems bequeathed by the Rev. C. H. Townsend has been catalogued by Professor Tennant. An exhibition of fans has taken place, with the view of promoting the Art-education of women. Mr. Noble's marble statue of Prince Albert, intended for Bombay, has been erected, *pro tempore*, in the North Court. To the loans of Lord Elcho and the Marquis of Westminster we have already referred.

The sale of the Demidoff Gallery was in itself an event of no small importance. It was remarkable for the disproportionately high prices fetched by the works of modern masters. Eighteen pictures, by Greuze, brought the enormous sum of £28,940; 'The Broken Eggs' selling for £5,040. Delaroche's 'Death of Lady Jane Grey' brought £4,400; Scheffer's 'Francesca da Rimini,' £4,000; while 'A Venetian Supper,' by Giorgione, only fetched £2,200, and a portrait by Paul Veronese, £1,208.

On the death of Mr. Brentano, Senator of Frankfurt, the unrivalled collection of engravings inherited by his wife came under the hammer, when 226 engravings of Marc Antonio Raimondi realised the sum of £10,414.

The subject which has, perhaps, had more interest for all who live for, or by, Art of an industrial character than any other, is the project of which the realisation has been unfortunately arrested by the cruel Gallo-German war. In our number for February we gave some account of the international congress summoned by the members of the "Central Union of Arts applied to Industry," and of the appreciation arrived at of the actual state of Art-education, the obstacles which oppose its advance, and the steps proper to take for its promotion. An obstacle more tremendous than any contemplated by these earnest friends of industry has paralysed Art-education and Art-industry over the regions occupied by eighty millions of the most gifted and industrious of contemporary people. Can we hope that the great questions, the discussion of which is so fearfully interrupted in Paris, are receiving due attention among ourselves? Our national welfare depends, in no trifling degree, on the reply to that inquiry.

THE MUSEUMS OF ENGLAND,
WITH
SPECIAL REFERENCE TO OBJECTS
OF ART AND ANTIQUITY.

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c., &c.

THE SHREWSBURY MUSEUM.

In close proximity to *Uriconium*, or, as it is now called, Wroxeter, the English Nineveh, and with so many places of historical interest in its neighbourhood, itself rich in remains of antiquity and its history full of stirring incidents, Shrewsbury possesses many features to commend it to the especial notice of the artist, the historian, and the archaeologist. Its castle, where parlia-

ing-place in one of the fine old fourteenth-century mansions on College Hill, under whose timber roof they are seen to great advantage. Here the visitor may spend many a "long hour by Shrewsbury clock," and gain much sound and valuable information from the relics before him.

Of Wroxeter (*Uriconium*), from which most of the objects have been brought, and which is situated about five miles only from Shrewsbury, it will not be necessary to say much. It is mentioned by Ptolemy to have been standing here as early as the beginning of the second century, when it was called *Viroconium*, and it was evidently one of the most important cities

late been carried on upon its site by our friend Thomas Wright, Dr. Johnson, and others, that the marvellous assemblage of relics in the Museum have been procured.

The collection consists of coins, personal ornaments, glass vessels, pottery of various kinds, lamps, tessellated pavements, arms, keys, locks, nails, knives, inscribed stones, sculptured fragments, and other relics. But besides these are large geological and natural history collections, and a number of general objects, including an Egyptian mummy and other remains of that people.

Among the pottery, besides examples of Samian, Upchurch, Durobrivian, and other wares, the collection from Wroxeter contains a fine and highly interesting assemblage of vessels of the Romano-Salopian variety, which espe-

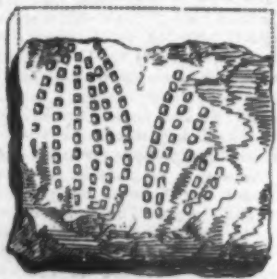


ROMAN CINERARY URNS, AND OTHER VESSELS FROM URICONIUM.

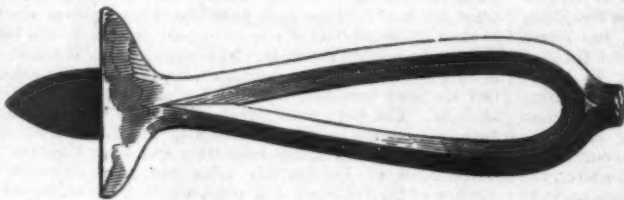
ments have been held and battles taken place; its abbey, founded by the first Norman Earl of Shrewsbury, and his burial-place as well as that of St. Wenefrede; its churches of St. Chad,

in Roman Britain. It was plundered and partially destroyed by fire, &c., by the invasion of the Picts and Scots in the fifth century, and was left a mass of ruins until the middle of the

cially call for notice. This variety of ware is peculiar to the Severn valley, and was made of clay procured at Broseley, the same bed from which pottery has continued to be made from



ROMAN TILE IMPRESSED WITH HUMAN FEET.



LANCET OF A ROMAN SURGEON.



ROMAN TILE IMPRESSED WITH FOOT-PRINTS.

St. Alkmund, St. Mary, and St. Giles,—in the yard of the latter edifice stands the "pest basin," of the time when the plague visited the place; its "arbours" of trade guilds; its timber houses, gates, grammar-school, market-house, and other objects in the town; Haughmond Abbey, Owen Glendwr's Oak, Battle-field, and other historical places in its neighbourhood, render Shrewsbury one of the most interesting of old towns, and one which "all friends round the Wrekin," no matter how far away, ought to visit.

The Museum, however, is not at present commensurate in its extent with the importance and richness of the locality. May it soon become worthy of its location. Its principal feature is the assemblage of remains of Roman Art from the buried city of *Uriconium*; to these, therefore, I first direct attention. The Museum belongs to the Shropshire and North Wales Natural History and Antiquarian Society (established in 1835), and has made good progress since that time. The objects were at first deposited in a house upon Dogpole, but have now found a more suitable rest-

twelfth, when its buildings are supposed to have been pulled to pieces to supply material for the building of Haughmond and Buildwas abbeys, and the churches of Wroxeter, Atcham, and



ROMANO-SALOPIAN WARE, JUGS AND COLANDERS.

other religious houses. The foundations of most of the buildings, however, remained, and it is from the systematic excavations which have of

Roman times down to our own day. Of these wares two sorts will be noticed to be especially abundant: the one white, the other somewhat of a light red colour. The white, which is made

of what is usually called "Broseley clay," and is rather coarse in texture, consists chiefly of jugs of different sizes, not inelegant in form, of mortars, and of bowls of different shapes and sizes, which are often painted with stripes of red or yellow. The red variety is also made of one of the clays of the Severn valley, but is of a finer texture, and consists principally of jugs, much the same in form as those in the white ware, except in a different form of mouth, and of bowl-shaped colanders, &c. There is also a considerable number of cinerary urns, which are mostly of the usual globular shape. We give a group of pottery to show some of the forms in the museum.

In glass the Museum is particularly rich in examples from Wroxeter, and some of the forms are of extreme beauty and elegance, while others are unique. They consist of what are usually called lachrymatories, but were most probably used for holding

unguents or incense, and bowls. Of these a remarkably fine example is exhibited. There are also fragments of window-glass, &c.; and some lamps.

The remains of tessellated pavements are highly interesting; in addition to which the Museum is enriched by careful drawings of other pavements, made from the originals at Wroxeter by Mr. George Mawe, F.S.A. They are of the usual patterns, and are of good, and, in some instances, elaborate, character.

Numerous roofing-slugs, flue-tiles, roof-tiles, bonding and drain tiles, &c., will be noticed; and some of them are curious as exhibiting the impressions of the feet of the dog, the sheep, the pig, the horse, and the ox. These animals having evidently walked over the tiles while in a soft clay state. One tile, from the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury, shows the impression of the two nailed shoes of a man, who had stood upon it.

Among the sculptured stones and architectural fragments are several bases, capitals, and shafts of columns; wall-decorations, both tessellated and painted stucco, one of which bears a portion of an inscription; and some carved heads, &c. There are also some very curious inscribed stones.

Two metallic mirrors, or *specula*, made of a white metal (a compound of copper and tin),

forming a sort of guard to the blade, which is triangular and made of steel. It was enclosed in the remains of a wooden case. It probably

belonged to a surgeon of Uriconium, and was, with other objects—a needle or bodkin, the

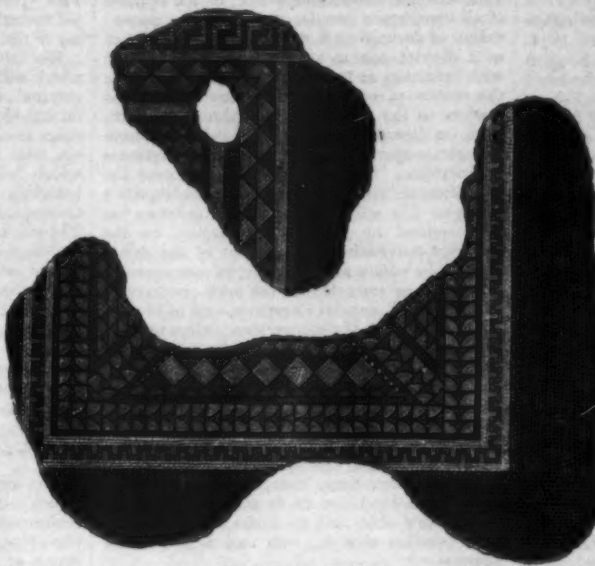
museum at Naples. In connection with this a Roman medicine or oculist's stamp ought to be noticed. It consists of an inscription engraved on a neatly-formed round slab of greenish stone, rather more than an inch in diameter, and is intended for impressing or marking the names of the medicine and its maker on the pot or box or packet containing the "physic." The inscription is—

TIB · CL · M
DIALIBA
AD · OM
NE · VIT
O · EXO

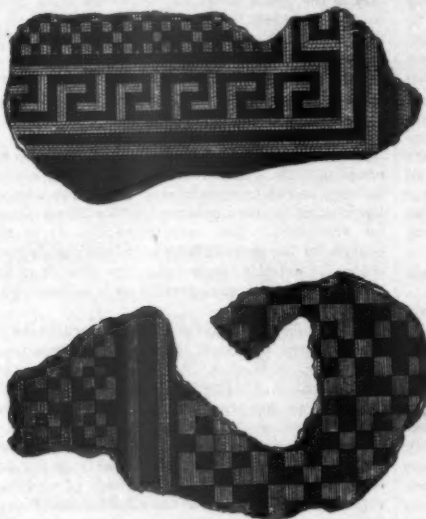
which may be rendered, "Tiberii Claudii Medici dialibanum ad omne vitium oculorum ex ovo" ("The dialibanum of Tiberius Claudius, the physician, for all complaints of the eyes, to be used with egg").

Other highly-curious and unique objects, and especially interesting as connected with Art, are three painter's palettes formed of steatite, or soap-stone; one side carefully smoothed, and the other with bevelled edges, and still bearing remains of the colours which the Roman artist of so many centuries ago was using. On one of these the painter has scratched his name, so that the visitor to the Shrewsbury Museum may actually see a palette

with colour remaining upon it, which belonged to the artist Dicinivus, of the ancient city of



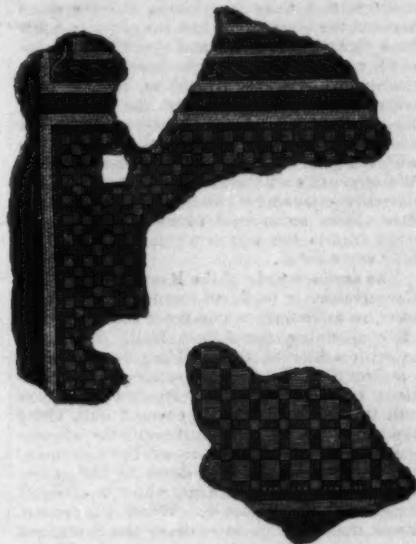
TESSELLATED PAVEMENTS.



TESSELLATED PAVEMENTS.



CINERARY URN WITH LEADEN CASE.



TESSELLATED PAVEMENTS.

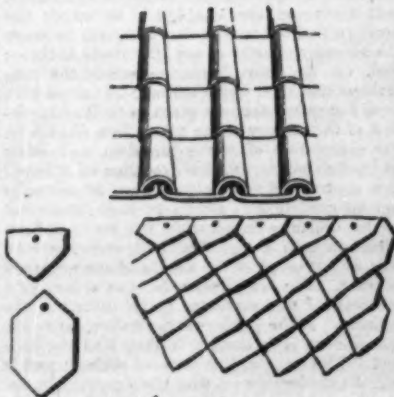
from the cemetery at Uriconium, will be noticed; as will also some fibulae, strigils, bracelets and armlets, hair-pins, bodkins or needles, studs or buttons, finger-rings of silver, bronze, wood, amber, and iron—the latter of which is set with a blue stone, bearing the device of a fawn coming out of a nautilus shell—combs, beads, and many other articles of personal use and adornment.

Of bronze figures only one or two examples have been exhumed, but these are of great interest; especially the statuettes of Venus and of Mercury.

One of the most curious objects from the cemetery of Uriconium is the singularly-formed cinerary urn here engraved. It is, as will be seen, of unique form, and is covered by a lid, and has been enclosed in an outer case of lead. I know of no similar example.

Among other unique objects presented in this collection are some which deserve especial notice. One of these is the lancet of a Roman surgeon, which we engrave of its full size. This unique object, so far as this country is concerned, has its handle formed by a lobe or oblong ring of bronze, the knob at the top is broken off. At the bottom is a circular disc,

forming a part of a case of surgical instruments, was found at Pompeii, and is now in the



ROOFING-FLUGS AND ROOF-TILES.

forming a part of a case of surgical instruments, was found at Pompeii, and is now in the

Uriconium. The inscription appears to be DICINIVMA, which Mr. Wright renders *Dicinivus manu*, "by the hand of Dicinivus." Other relics to be examined are interesting remains from the workshops of an enameller and of a worker in metals. There are also roundels of pot which have evidently been rubbed into form for playing the game we now call "hopscotch," or some other game known to Roman boys; and some children's toys.

Among the human remains are several skulls, and other portions of skeletons, which have been exhumed in different parts of Uriconium. One great feature of these is the large proportion of deformed skulls—more than one half of the examples being more or less out of natural form. It is conjectured that this deformity is not congenital, but posthumous, and has been brought about by the peculiar acidity in the soil having softened the bone, and rendered it liable to be pressed out of shape by the weight of the superincumbent soil.

The recent acquisition to the Museum of the fine collection of Roman coins formed by Mr. Stubbs, of Wroxeter, is a very important addition, and one that increases not only its value, but its historical interest.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1871.

CHEERFUL expectation prevails at Kensington as to the promise of the Exhibition of 1871. From the forms prescribed for the English applications it cannot as yet be at all calculated how much space is actually demanded, but no falling-off is anticipated. Assurances of foreign support are more definite, and not less satisfactory. The two gigantic combatants whose struggle arrests the attention of the world, find time and thought to promise a rivalry of a more peaceful kind. Berlin will send an assortment of porcelain from the Royal Manufactory. Dusseldorf will exhibit pictures and statues from the galleries of the Academy. Munich will occupy with Fine Art exhibits all the space she can obtain.

The French deserve no small degree of applause for their pluck and liberality in providing a home for themselves in the International Exhibition. They have taken a piece of land from the Museum authorities on a seven years' lease, and erected a building around three sides of a quadrangle, at their sole expense. The present provisional government of France has confirmed the proceedings of its predecessors, and sent over encouragement and promises by aerial post. The one point in which the French have made, as we cannot doubt, a great error, is in the roofing and lighting of their halls. These rooms are of the same width as the English galleries, we previously described, namely, 30 feet: they are 27 feet high. The ceilings are flat, with a louvre light in the centre, and the result is, that there is a blank, box-like space between the louvre light and the ceiling; while both that surface itself and the whole of the upper part of the gallery is thrown into dense shadow. The object is said to have been to secure ample wall-space for the display of tapestries or painting. At any rate, it is a serious blunder, which contrasts very strongly with the good lighting of the English galleries. We regret this all the more from the spirit and liberality evinced by our French friends, who have shown an amount of moral courage and good faith in the matter which deserves to be fully appreciated.

The northern aisle of the Royal Horticultural Conservatory is to be widened and altered in form, so as to form a rain-proof court immediately adjoining the Albert Hall. The large upper corridor of this building is also being prepared for the display of pictures on the occasions of the International Exhibition. There will thus be a continuous covered walk along the 1,200 feet of gallery, through the circular passage and conservatory, round the corridor of the amphitheatre, and so down to the gallery on the west of the gardens, which is of equal length with that opposite. When it is remembered that these galleries cover two floors, and that the French Court has to be taken in addition, it will evidently be a good day's work only to look through the exhibition.

The French Courts will present the more interest, if filled, as it is proposed, from the distinctly national character of the contents, inasmuch as the general arrangement of the Exhibition will be according to classes, and not according to countries. Another feature which will be novel, and, we trust, instructive, will be the display of architectural drawings. Continental architecture will be fairly represented; and, we trust that the architects of this country will not allow the verdict to go against them, for want of putting in an appearance.

No prizes will be awarded, but certificates will be issued showing that the parties receiving them had the distinction of displaying their products in this Exhibition.

We shall not fail to lay before our readers, from month to month, such information with respect to the Exhibition as may be useful to artists and manufacturers. It is evident that the scheme is not likely to prove a failure from want of energy in the directors. The period for the reception of exhibits extends from Wednesday, February 1, to Tuesday, February 28; but each day has its appointed objects of reception.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

THE extreme importance which, in the opinion of all considerate people, attaches to the preservation of an open park of 400 acres in the centre of a district now so rapidly becoming covered with buildings as is northern London, has been the reason of our calling the attention of our readers to the subject of the Alexandra Park, with an iteration which we should not have thought proper had the case been one of private speculation. With the turn of the year the condition of this great property has undergone a change. The schism among the proprietors has been ended by the efficient method of the majority purchasing the interest of the minority. The palace and the park, in consequence, may now be regarded as the joint property of the London Financial Company, and of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the contractors. More respectable proprietors could not easily be named; and this arrangement constitutes a guarantee that any *bona-fide* and adequate offer to purchase the park and palace for the purpose of a great centre for elevating recreation and instruction, such as has been suggested by Mr. Fuller, will receive proper and candid consideration.

For the first time, then, in its history, the park is in a condition to be sold. Vendors are to be found able, and no doubt willing, to sell. The question now is, who and where is the purchaser?

We believe it is no secret that for some time past an attempt has been made to get hold of the Alexandra Palace for purposes the very opposite of those which have been advocated in our columns. It is to be taken as matter of course that such offers will now be likely to assume a tangible form. The attempt to naturalise amongst us forms of amusement for which certain establishments in Paris have an evil notoriety, can be unknown to but few of our readers, however apt we all are to be silent on such topics. It should be borne in mind that attractions of the nature to which we refer are generally supported by a lavish expenditure of money. It must be expected, therefore, that the proprietors of the park may be plied with financial arguments to allow their property to pass into hands which might, indeed, pay a golden price, but as to the cleanliness of which little can be said.

It remains, then, for the residents to decide the question for themselves. Numerous public meetings have been held, and thirty-two sub-committees have been formed, for the preservation of the property for the people. A different task now lies before these gentlemen from any they have yet attempted. The matter has now to be looked at in a business point of view. No general promises of support, or prognostications of success, will have any value. If the residents and those interested in the spot desire to purchase the property, they must at once be prepared to fulfil the essential condition of a contract for that purpose, the payment of an adequate deposit. Of course we do not mean that such a deposit is to be placed in the hands of the vendors. Proper trustees should be appointed; authorised—on the one hand, to satisfy the vendors that a sum is *in esse* adequate to prove the serious character of any offer made to them; and, on the other hand, to satisfy the subscribers that their funds will not be parted with until full guarantees are given as to the completion of the railway to the palace by a fixed date, the completion of the gymnasium and other unfinished works, and the execution of a definitive contract of sale in pursuance of mutually agreed conditions. If this be done, there will be no difficulty in securing the property from bisection into tea-garden and building lots. We do not speak of the details of any proposed scheme. We are anxious for one object—the securing of the property, in its unity, to the country. If the public put their shoulder to the wheel now, it is theirs; if they hesitate, it is lost. This is the last time of asking; and it will be deplorable to find the opportunity for acquiring the property—most valuable to the general community—and devoting it to some good and legitimate purpose, gone for ever.

THE ALBERT HALL.

THE Queen went to South Kensington on the 3rd instant, to inspect the condition of the building of the Albert Hall.

Her Majesty examined the *terra-cotta* frieze, which will form so prominent a feature in the external aspect of the building, and was conducted through the interior of the edifice, in order to observe the progress made in the fitting-up, and to witness the acoustic experiments which were made as to the resonance of the building. A lady and a little boy sang without accompaniment, and a violin was also introduced. The effect was surprising. In all parts of the vast building, calculated to hold 10,000 persons, the softest note of the singer was clearly and distinctly heard. As for the violin, it sounded as if close by—in whatever part of the building the auditor stood. It seems probable that the effect of the magnificent organ Mr. Willis is now erecting, and which promises to be the largest in the country, will be absolutely overpowering. Much, of course, will depend on the organist; but the effect of the volume of sound on the glass ceiling will require careful attention.

The organ consists of five claviers, each of which may, in fact, be regarded as a complete instrument. The pedal organ consists of twenty-one stops, the choir organ of twenty, the great organ of twenty-five, the swell of twenty-five, and the solo organ of twenty. Some of the stops, such as the baritone in the swell, are now for the first time introduced. Each stop consists in the manual claviers of sixty-one notes, and in the pedal organ of thirty-two—the pipes for the diapason being 32 feet long. The air is supplied to the feeders by steam-power. The front pipes are made of ninety parts of tin to ten parts of lead, and the interior pipes of five-ninths tin and four-ninths lead: the elaborate design is carried out with the most consummate workmanship.

A gore, or gusset, of the glass roof was exposed to view. The effect appeared far from satisfactory, as the treatment was such as to suggest the idea of an iron grating: this will, no doubt, be remedied. An architecturally decorative design for the glass ceiling is indispensable; and if this be happily carried out, the interior of this large hall will be as charming as it is thoroughly original.

To the designs for the frieze, the cartoons for which were prepared by Messrs. Armistead; Armitage, A.R.A.; Horsley, R.A.; Marks; Pickersgill, R.A.; Poynter, A.R.A.; and Yeames, A.R.A., we purpose to revert when the weather will allow of careful inspection.

On the adjoining Albert Memorial (the best view of which is that commanded from the balcony of the Albert Hall), the group of sculpture representing Europe was unveiled for the Queen's inspection. As in the case of the frieze, the state of the weather was such as to preclude any detailed criticism. From our point of view, however, the figure of the nymph seated on the bull appeared heavily to overbalance her *monture*. We hope this want of balance may be less observable from below.

Whether this immense hall will succeed is, at the least, questionable: it may be too far from the centre of London to attract visitors in crowds, and not be often "filled," although there is a large and an increasing local population; but there can be no doubt the hall will be an important and valuable acquisition to the metropolis, and especially to its wealthiest suburb of Kensington, and the whole district south-west of Hyde Park. It must be considered, moreover, as an adjunct to the Horticultural Gardens and its huge conservatories. Taken together, there will be nothing so effective in Europe; while the Museum of South Kensington, close at hand, and the gallery running south of the garden, will be always an additional source of gratification and instruction to the thousands by whom the hall will certainly be visited at all periods of the year.

Perhaps, if regarded merely as a speculation for profit, it may be a failure—this is more than probable; but it is to be looked at in another and better light, and if so it will be a success.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER-COLOURS.

NINTH WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIS Gallery, since last it was open, has sustained a serious loss in the secession of two important members, Mr. Burton and Mr. Burne Jones. The cause of the division was the removal by the committee of a nude picture painted by Mr. Jones, which is said to have given offence to a few squeamish visitors. That the society cannot manage its affairs without coming to open rupture, says little for the discretion or business tact of those in authority. Had a like disturbance taken place within the Academy, that much-abused body would have been denounced in no measured terms. We fear it must be admitted that the Old Water-Colour Society is merely a private body without public duties or responsibilities; that its members seek individual ends, and do not care to take a large view of the interests of Art. The calamity which has now fallen upon the body could not have happened at a time more unfortunate. The Academy, in the possession of spacious galleries, assumes, even unintentionally, a rival position. Accordingly, some water-colour painters are taking to oils, others have tried their fortunes in the water-colour gallery of the Academy. It is at such a moment, when it behoved the old Society to gather its forces together, that two strong men are lost to the cause. The public may be pleased to know that what is the loss of one Society will be the gain of some other exhibition. We shall doubtless have the satisfaction of greeting Mr. Burton and Mr. Burne Jones in another place. In the meantime, the old gallery has made some effort to repair its calamity. Little time has been lost for the election of the best among numerous candidates. Mr. Deane has been brought over from the Institute; Mr. Dobson, A.R.A., consents to divide his talents between Piccadilly and Pall Mall; and Mr. Marsh, a fellow-student of Mr. Watson, also kindly offers to pull the Society through what the council may have deemed a crisis. On the whole the Exhibition suffers less than might have been feared.

The most remarkable drawings in the room are due to Mr. Walker. Graceful as a composition by Stothard is 'The Sketch for Illustration to Miss Thackeray's "Village on the Cliff"' (385). The artist evinces his versatility, his readiness of resource, by the range of his topics, and the variety of his compositions. 'An Amateur' (379), takes the spectator by surprise: the subject has nothing to do with the Fine Arts, but relates solely to a cabbage-field. An old fellow toddles out of doors, and eyes his plenteous crop with the zest of an "amateur." Thus, as is well-known, some of the best pictures may be made out of trifles. Next comes a 'Sketch' (381), after the manner of an etching, for a picture long to be remembered in the Academy—the gipsies, or the wanderers. The nobility of the chief figure is here retained; indeed, it is remarkable how much of grandeur is thrown into minuteness, how much largeness there is on the scale of a miniature. The artist's chief contribution (334) is without a name. So small as to be only suited for the screen, it is full of material. In the foreground float swans and a pleasure-boat, better drawn than is usual on this scale; upon the shore beyond are villagers; into the background defiantly are thrown houses as red as red can be—a gratuitous difficulty which few painters would have dared to encounter is here used as a climax of colour. We are not accustomed to indulge in terms of unmitigated praise, and perhaps it would have been more in accordance with critical usage to pick out the blemishes of these exceptional productions. But Mr. Walker has mitigated his faults; his errors are now but eccentricities; he may be sometimes wrong, but he is always original; and though his manner is strongly pronounced, he seldom, if ever, repeats himself. Mr. Pinwell is a near approach to Mr. Walker; perhaps more, however, in foxiness of colour and lavish use of opaque than in conception. In each master, however, may be traced like peculiarities in composition: the materials

are apt to fall about for want of coherence, the scattered figures are not brought together under symmetric law; in short, it often happens, as 'At the Foot of the Quantocks' (103), that the picture is not one picture, but many pictures. This defect is analogous to that of a novelist, who, instead of weaving characters into one story, should leave each personage an isolated portrait. It appears to us, indeed, doubtful whether Mr. Pinwell can ever make himself either a dramatist or a colourist. And yet it must be admitted that there is no more dramatic composition in the room than 'Landlord and Tenant' (272); though, as a composition, the landlord stands at too great a distance from the tenant. The difficulty which this painter has never been quite able to get over is how to treat his picture as a whole: the parts—as, for instance, that lovely and pathetic group, the poor mother with two starving children clinging to her—are scarcely short of perfect. To look at a group thus skilfully composed gives to an artistic eye infinite pleasure. Not to see these drawings by Mr. Walker and Mr. Pinwell would be indeed to miss an exquisite delight.

In the rank of figure-pictures the gallery contains many works to interest; indeed, the idea of an exhibition of "Sketches and Studies" is to bring together much which may be attractive even in its incompleteness—odds and ends of study having little claim to be faultless in the carrying out. An artist always confers a favour when he enables one of the outside public to understand the processes, the successive steps, by which he arrives at his results. Thus, we thank Mr. Lamont for this 'Sketch for the Picture of Glasgerion' (75), a work which may be accepted as a masterpiece. 'Hawking' (83), by the same artist, is enough to show artistic intuitions: the lines of the figures are disposed expressly to respond to the curve of the stately stairs whereon the hawking-party descends. Mr. Lamont in these sketches displays that indecision in touch which has prejudiced his mature productions. Mr. Lundgren becomes more and more indefinite in form: 'An Eastern Girl' (198) is lumpy; 'The Stolen Kiss' (156) is to be commended by little else than Eastern colour; and that the artist should have colour of any sort, Eastern or otherwise, is more than could be expected, seeing that he was born of the colour-blind school of Scandinavia. But Mr. Lundgren has travelled far and wide from Stockholm, his birthplace; hence he favours us with 'Spanish Peasant-Girls, and a Peasant's House, Spain' (250): these we account the nearest approach to nature he now cares to exhibit. The more recent productions of Mr. Carl Haag are open to like criticism: the colour is hot, the costume showy, the sentiment false. On 'Monks at their Devotion' (286), a more sober work, we gladly dwell as doing most justice to an artist who has produced, when, as a pioneer, he sketched in Jerusalem and Palmyra, good work, ever to be held in grateful memory.

Mr. John Gilbert does not exhibit the kind of drawings we could hope to see in a gallery expressly set apart for sketches. His portfolios must teem with studies; but painters are too wily to disclose the secrets of their studios; hence these winter exhibitions miss their original purpose, and now vary only in quality and not in kind from the chief exhibition of the year, that of the spring. We thank, however, Mr. Gilbert heartily for a noble Rembrandt-like study of Henry IV. in act of soliloquising 'Sleep, O gentle Sleep!' A place of honour has fitly been given to 'A Welsh Stream' (170), after the happiest manner of Mr. Topham. Mr. Smallfield again shows himself one of the most prolific of painters: he is evidently gifted with uncommon fertility of ideas; and there seems reason indeed to believe that Mr. Marks owes to him the first thought of 'St. Francis preaching to the Birds,' in last year's exhibition of the Academy. Yet the original scheme (291) now exhibited for Mr. Smallfield's large drawing differs materially from the composition by Mr. Marks. The charge of plagiarism is too easily made to be always just: in the present case it is not hard to believe that so obvious and so tempting a subject as that of St. Francis and the birds may have suggested itself to both artists at the

same time. Mr. Smallfield's happiest thought is 'Come and see the new Moon' (115). A wee child has started from bed in glee to look at the little moon through the casement, the figure is graceful, the draperies are well cast, the colouring is silvery. Also supremely graceful is an adjacent drawing 'Idle Moments' (118), by E. K. Johnson, an artist who from the first has shown a cleverness and a style more common in Paris than in London. Mr. Watson, a member, and Mr. Marsh the latest of associates, may be deemed brothers in Art: they were born alike in the north country; they have painted together; and they even use the same model. The similarity of styles becomes at once apparent on comparison of Mr. Watson's 'Limpit Gatherer' (58) with Mr. Marsh's 'Pilot' (50). The drawings with which Mr. Marsh makes his entry scarcely justify his election. They are somewhat heavy and wooden at present, but we hope they may improve. Mr. Dobson, A.R.A., another new election, will be of great service to the gallery, if we can take his first contribution, 'St. Agatha' (350), as an average specimen of what we may expect. The artist gains in water-colours a transparency and brilliance foreign to his oil-pictures. He has been most fortunate in his model, and is no less felicitous in the treatment. The handling is facile, especially in the glowing hair: Mr. Dobson has of late been freeing himself from the fixity and opacity of the Germans, to whom he was long committed. We would gladly pass from Mr. Shields in silence, but the heads he exhibits are too large and egregious to be overlooked: it is long since an artist has fallen into such deplorable error.

The landscape-painters do not turn out from their portfolios so many scraps and sketches as we should like to see; perhaps the reason may be that sketching in the old sense of the word is growing obsolete—one of the lost Arts. The habit now is to carry a sketch through many days, till at last towards the end of the first or the second week, it ceases to be a sketch and becomes a picture. Mr. Richardson, however, favours us with a sketch which, after the olden manner, might be dashed off in a summer's afternoon. 'Falls of the Bruan' (303) possibly dates back to the time of Harding, who may be taken as a type of what a sketcher used to be before Pre-Raphaelitism was dreamt of. V. Bartholomew brings to light an 'Original Sketch from Nature' (177), which, if we mistake not, was made years ago, in a continental tour taken with J. D. Harding as companion. The scene is the now dismantled fortress of Luxembourg: the towers at present razed to the ground are seen as yet standing. Among sketches which have more dash and vitality than finished pictures by the same artists, we would approvingly mention 'Off the Great Orme's Head' (161), by J. W. Whittaker. The drawings of Mr. Whittaker have latterly shown a care which is of less worth than the carelessness formerly accepted because artistic. Mr. Collingwood Smith is another painter who is apt to be uncertain: 'Fishing Boats waiting for the Tide at Sunrise, Hastings' (22), is happy in effect both in sky and in water. Sunsets are but too common in our picture-galleries: we thank the artist who gets up betimes to give us a sunrise. The public, too, will be grateful to E. A. Goodall for 'Verignano, Gulf of Spezia' (54)—a brilliant rendering of a lovely Italian scene which every traveller holds dear. Perhaps, however, the artist who of all others catches most truly and rapturously the poetry and romance of Italy is Arthur Glennie. 'Ancient Ruins under Tasso's House, Sorrento' (245); 'Ponte Salvo, Campagna di Roma'; and 'View of Civita Castellana' (282), recall happy days in Italy when the sky is serene and bright; and ruined bridge and desolated plain suggest a thousand historic associations. Alfred Hunt has lately returned from southern and eastern lands: his eye and imagination have for some time turned towards the rising sun and climes wherein light and colour are an ecstasy and romance. We accept 'The Acropolis, Athens, from the Ilissus' (242), with other drawings on the borders of the Mediterranean, as a foretaste of the fruits we may hope to gather from the artist's journeyings among classic and poetic lands. It is curious to mark, even in a small and comparatively circum-

scribed exhibition like the present, how each latitude calls for a distinctive pictorial treatment—how the artist who has sobered his style in Wales, or Scotland, is thereby incapacitated for southern lands, with their crystalline sky and coloured halo of atmosphere. Even Thomas Danby, who, by parentage and adopted style, may be said to hold a middle course between north and south, prose and poetry, is more at home in the neighbourhood of Snowdon than in the region of the Alps. At any rate, 'The Moleson, Switzerland' (152), is all but identical with scenes which this artist has for many years brought with him to London from Betws-y-Coed and Capel Curig. Mr. Naftel is gaining in tone and delicacy: 'Autumn Moon' (361) has none of the crudeness of his earlier efforts.

The exhibition wears its accustomed aspect in the presence of works which, at a glance, are identified with Birket Foster, C. Davidson, C. Branwhite, Alfred Newton, E. A. Goodall, Francis Powell—not to mention other names which, as a matter of course, swell the collection. Mr. Foster contributes sparkling gems, such as 'The Greta, at Rokeby' (48) and 'Houses at Eton' (79): the execution is far too clean and neat for sketches out of doors; the presumption becomes strong that these are studio works—so, doubtless, are the many powerful productions of Mr. Branwhite. An artist may successfully assume the slight manner of a sketch; but the accident and zest and rapid dash of out-door work cannot be got in the measured methods of the studio. Mr. Branwhite's drawings have never looked better upon these walls than of late: the colour has become more rich and less heavy, and the breadth preserved gives unaccustomed force. Mr. Alfred Newton sometimes carries breadth too far; yet 'Moonlight' (158), if a little over-spectral and stagey, is impressive. The drawing is entered as "a study"—a word sometimes used as an apology for incompleteness. The amount of study needed can scarcely have been very great, inasmuch as the artist has so often favoured us with this sort of thing before, that instead of "a study" he might have called his performance "a replica." Mr. Boyce is still an enigma, and the mystery which encircles his style is scarcely nearer solution by the ten examples he kindly gives of his manner. The strange fascination of these drawings may be in part explained by their unusual combination of poetry with prose—the infusion of ardour into literal fact. Two sketches of 'An old Fortified House in Northumberland' (233), have the precision of architectural drawings; on the other hand, the artist, in 'The Roman Dyke at Dorchester' (338), becomes joyous and bright as the poet of nature. Mr. Powell, it is evident, has not touched the turning-point when a painter retraces his steps and begins to repeat himself. 'Carrick Castle, Loch Gail' (160), is the artist's most mature work: the colour is so managed as to educe harmony out of variety; the warm tone on the hills is balanced by a grey sky full of rain-clouds; the relative distances are truly kept; the idea of space and scale are well conveyed. But such a work, having no pretence to be either a sketch or a study, is one of the many instances of how completely this exhibition has been perverted from its original intent. Mr. Powell makes amends by his frame full of jottings from nature.

The society has gathered to itself some of the most skilled architectural draughtsmen, also one or two of the best animal-painters of the present day. Mr. Basil Bradley, as appropriate to the moment, contributes 'French Horses' (207), a sketch made in Paris. These noble creatures are of the breed chosen by Rosa Bonheur for 'The Horse-Fair.' The gallery is fortunate in having gained over from its rival, the Institute, an architectural painter so adroit as Mr. Deane. This newly-elected associate may, by brilliant scenes in Venice, fill, in some measure, the void felt on the decease of Mr. Holland. Three of the most valued members—Mr. Palmer, Mr. Alfred Fripp, and Mr. George Fripp—reserve themselves for the Spring Exhibition. Indeed, in conclusion, we may remark that this winter gathering favours the associates, inasmuch as the usual restriction as to the number of drawings permitted to them is removed.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WINTER EXHIBITION.

SUFFOLK-STREET artists, encouraged by the success which has crowned the efforts of other societies, have opened a first Winter Exhibition. With advantage, part of the vast gallery has been kindly lent for the exhibition in aid of the distressed French peasantry, thus this winter collection is in extent less wearisome than that of the spring. The quality of the works displayed is just what might be anticipated from the well-known antecedents of Suffolk Street. And once again the interest is not in what is fore-known, but in what comes by surprise; not in the somewhat conventional contributions of the members, but in the wayward and sudden spurts of genius from outsiders. Thus though many may incline to think this last addition to winter exhibitions is one too many, still we gladly acknowledge that a circuit through the rooms discovers not a few works, pleasant and of promise, which we should have regretted to miss.

Of special interest are some dozen pictures collected as a tribute to the memory of J. B. Pyne, a valued member of the Society. An epitome of a brilliant, though somewhat mistaken, career is given in the following highly-coloured, but artificial, works, grouped effectively on one wall: 'Castello Dangeria, Lago Maggiore' (301); 'San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice' (506); 'Isola Piscatore, Lago Maggiore' (507); and 'Ulleswater' (510). The vices of the style are evident at a glance, and yet these landscapes are resplendent as visions—ecstatic creations of the imagination. A comparatively sober and solid drawing, 'Teatro Malibran, Venice' (379), indicates that had Pyne looked less to Turner and more to nature, he could have won, not an ephemeral, but an enduring reputation; instead of a meteor blazing in the sky, his name might have shone among the fixed stars. Turning to 'Sunshine and Mist on the Welsh Hills' (250), we are tempted to use a hackneyed simile, and say that the mantle of Mr. Pyne has descended on the shoulders of Mr. Harry Johnson. We add, with pleasure, that a son of the late Mr. Pyne shares the inheritance of genius, *vide* 'Borrowdale' (93). Mr. J. Danby traces his pedigree as a colourist direct from his own father, but, as with other mannerists, he is best when—as in a study 'Near Bournemouth' (52)—he consents to paint nothing more than he sees. A day or two since, in a private collection, we met with a sketch of Lynmouth beach, made on the spot, by Francis Danby, the father: the varied harmony of greys was more exquisite than the blaze of sunset which became habitual to the artist. The son will improve his Art by reverting to nature in her quiet moods. But some painters indulge in greys even to monotony; thus H. Moore paints 'A Grey Morning in the Downs' (27), lovely in silvery light, yet almost too much of a replica of the many sea-pieces and coast-scenes before exhibited. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, another artist of signal promise is also in danger of falling into leaden monotones; and yet we gladly observe that he has, since last we met him, opened new veins which seem likely to yield rich ore with little admixture of baser metal. 'The Beach in Winter' (47) is marked by originality. 'The Northern Lights' (70), though not scintillating sufficiently, prove an observant eye for atmospheric phenomena; while 'A Back-water on the Thames' (156) shows a versatile turn for swans and water-lilies. In these rooms no artist is of greater promise than young Mr. Wyllie.

Messrs. Pettitt, Percy, and Panton, produce pictures after a style habitual to Suffolk Street: 'The Frontier' (118), by the first, is large and ambitious; 'Borrowdale' (499) recalls the best manner of Mr. Percy, who, with his brother Boddington, was for years an ornament to the gallery. These rooms have bright, no less than gloomy, recollections. Mr. Wainwright, another *habitué*, is seen at his best in a placid, pleasing picture, 'A Summer's Evening' (35): the colour and effect are charming; though the texture and execution strike one as lacking vigour, individuality, and variety. 'A Sketch of the Bass

Rock' (221), by J. P. Haverfield, makes a pretty little picture. Mr. Clint, President of the Society, shows by a sketch, 'At Minehead' (528), how much better it would have been for him to have worked out of doors than within his studio. The members of this Society generally have a pernicious habit of doctoring up their pictures for public display. The accepted use of a winter exhibition is in the opportunity afforded for bringing under view sketches and studies. Mr. Heaphy has availed himself of this advantage in some capital materials for pictures: 'The Secret Chamber' (7), 'The Forgotten Deed-chest' (10), and 'The Tapestry Chamber' (11). These and other like studies for backgrounds and accessories indicate with how much deliberate forethought Mr. Heaphy prepared himself for the vocation of an historic painter. C. Lucy, also known in the high sphere of history, affords pleasant insight into accessory work, the by-play to more arduous efforts, in a conscientious transcript of 'Llandudno, with Great Orme's Head' (522). The outlines undulate delicately, while the modelling of the hill seems to tell that the artist descended upon landscape from the higher walk of figure-painting.

The small room devoted to water-colours is, like the "large room" held by oils, just redeemed from mediocrity. 'Lichtenstein Castle' (310), and 'Dorothy Vernon's Walk, Haddon Hall' (453), are good examples of the well-esteemed style of S. Rayner. 'Distant View of Wickham Church' (344) is more favourable to Mr. Tennant than his oil-pictures. It is a pity that some of the habitual frequenters of this gallery have not adhered to water-colours all their lives: oils, as a rule, call for more deliberate study. The brilliant sketches of Mr. Spiers are always welcome: one of the best we have seen is 'The Great Doorway of the Temple of Jupiter, Baalbec' (413). Miss Gilbert and F. Slcombe contribute clever figures: H. A. Harper and J. J. Curnock exhibit drawings felicitous in sunset colour. 'Evening Glow' (429) is the most poetic and artistic landscape we have yet noticed by Mr. Curnock, a rising young painter.

Returning to the large room, the Suffolk Street school shows off its genius unmistakably. Messrs. Barnes, Baxter, W. Bromley, Cobbett, Gow, Levin, Ludovici, Roberts, Woolmer, are birds of a feather who wisely flock together. Mr. Barnes, though abundantly clever, seems intent on exaggerating his faults: we were scarcely prepared for the 'Return from the Well' (94). Mr. Baxter, well qualified to illustrate books of beauty, when painting the lady 'In doubt' (180) again falls into waxiness. Mr. Mann's 'Study of a Head' (533) has, with Mr. Baxter's figures, cognate beauty—a trait of which we are not likely to be tired under the prevailing aspects of the English school. We may commend, in passing, Mrs. Charette's 'Chezelle' (188); also a charming little scene, 'The Playmates' (280), by G. H. Garraway; likewise 'A Wanderer' (285), by C. Rossiter. C. Bauerlé, the German, to whom we owed the only reputable royal picture in the last exhibition of the Academy, is also gifted with a sense of beauty rare as it is delightful in its results. There is no more pleasure-giving picture in the room than 'Happy Childhood' (131). We question, however, whether this artist will prove himself as strong as he is undoubtedly refined: his drawing is not a match for his delicacy: one of the hands, for example, is in size and character out of all keeping with the head to which it belongs. Mr. Clarke's agreeable group, 'Being Plucked' (115) has also more tone than form: the execution wants definition, just, in short, the vigorous touch which Miss Backhouse has thrown into her masterly study, 'Spring and Autumn' (81). Reverting to the members we have a 'Rustic Courtship' (91)—that is, a conventional courtship—by W. Bromley; also, by E. Holmes, groups of peasants and goats going 'Homeward' (92), according to conventional pictorial prescriptions. Dreary in the extreme are such well-meant but soulless efforts. 'The Beach' (155)—young ladies reading under shelter of a boat, by T. Roberts, though not particularly novel, is fairly well painted. 'A Study' (18), by J. Gow, wants what study gives, knowledge and drawing: the artist, it may

be hoped, will not stop his studies at this point. 'The Poet' (138), by A. J. Woolmer, is, as usual, far too poetic for a prosaic world to appreciate. More hopeful for the cause of truth is the literalness which J. Morgan brings to bear on 'The Men that man the Life-boat' (266). Each figure might be a portrait. As an example of how much good talent may be misdirected and lost by painters who keep each other in countenance by cherishing faults they possess in common, we will point to a simple unspoiled study of a 'Sandbank' (160), by E. J. Cobbett. It is scarcely credible that an artist who can turn out honest work like this, whenever he cares to go to nature, should perpetrate 'The Fern-gatherers' (32).

In this gallery one class of contributors is dull, another class extravagant. A. H. Tourrier, whose works we have often commended, is in danger of falling into the latter extreme. 'A Visit to the Wise Woman' (34) seeks effect with strange indifference to truth. Mr. Valentine Bromley, whom we have again and again applauded in the Institute and elsewhere, also shows himself in danger of passing the limits of moderation in that extravagant picture, 'Loves' Song' (75). And yet soon he is himself again in 'Waiting' (234): a lover's meeting in a wood, well conceived and well carried out. 'The Vineyard Watch' (76) is perhaps as near to nature as genius so astounding as that of P. Levin will ever care to approach. We are rather alarmed to see a second Ludovici in the field; and yet if he paint nothing worse than 'Bonheur au cinquième étage' (80), a work which bears the name "A. Ludovici, jun.," we need fear little harm. But in certain galleries it is impossible to predict what an artist may some day come to.

It is pleasant, if possible, to end with commendation; and this is scarcely hard in the presence of the 'Cottage Interior' (42), by W. Hemsley, one of most valued of "members." The picture has sparkle yet solidity: it is Dutch in technique, yet in sentiment truly English. 'Patchwork' (124), by Haynes King, another member, is also true and honest in work. E. Vedder, the American, who resides in Rome, sends a clever study of 'A Roman Girl' (163). 'A Breton Peasant' (66) shows the careful steady work to which we have been long accustomed from C. S. Lidderdale. 'A Study' (256), by J. Burr, it is not easy to commend: in aiming at colour and sentiment, the artist has been far too negligent of precise forms and stern facts. Close by hangs a sketch, by F. Holl, 'Up a Court at Whitby' (241), supreme in mastery: the boy is worthy of Murillo's pencil: the treatment is broad; the handling, though professedly sketchy, goes direct to the desired ends. The excellent works which we have been able to single out indicate that the Suffolk Street Gallery has not materially suffered under the sharp competition incident to the constantly increasing number of public exhibitions.

GELATINE, AND ITS APPLICATIONS TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF ART.

THE three great non-metallic photographic processes, of which we have given a brief description in the last two numbers of the *Art-Journal*, are entirely dependent upon the peculiar properties of the substance called gelatine. But little is generally known of the origin, nature, mode of preparation, and general application of this material, which is likely to assume considerable importance in various branches of Industrial Art. We think that our readers will take interest in a brief notice of such information as we have been able to collect, both from those who use, and from those who prepare, what is, in fact, an edible substance.

Gelatine is one of those partially transparent bodies, readily soluble in water,

which owe their origin to the subtle process of organic life. Like glue, of which it may be called a refined variety, and like gum Arabic, which it more closely resembles in appearance, it is a material which the chemist has never been able to construct out of the simple elements into which he can so readily reduce it. In obedience to the action of heat, to the chemical effect of certain salts, and to the actinic rays which accompany the blue light from the sun, its properties are special, and of great importance. It may be dealt with as if it were a bitumen, or a glass, or a mineral substance of inorganic origin; and few persons would be ready to imagine that the clear brown, semi-transparent plate, which may, at will, be either rendered as hard and insoluble as horn, or washed away in a bath of tepid water, originates in an animal tissue, and was originally manufactured, not for the sun-painter, but for the cook.

The constituent elements of pure gelatine, omitting fractions, are as follows. Fifty parts, by weight of carbon, twenty-five of oxygen, eighteen of nitrogen, and seven of hydrogen, form a hundred equivalents of gelatine. How far the great difference in purity that is to be found existing between the finer and the coarser qualities prepared by the manufacturer, may depend on some slight modification of the above proportions cannot at present be decided. In actual practice it is by extreme care in selection of the materials, and in the removal of all adherent impurities, that the difference of quality is principally secured.

Very many animal substances contain gelatine. Our habitual association of the brightly-coloured jellies that make the circuit of the dining-table with the hoofs of the calf, under the time-honoured title of calves'-foot jelly, suggests one source of supply. Even bones contain much gelatine, which may be extracted for manufacture, but which is brittle and unsatisfactory in its character. The tusk of the elephant contains a gelatine which it is very desirable to have tested for artistic use. The price of such a product would be high; but the great superiority of the jelly made from ivory dust over any other is such as to suggest that a material of great service to Art may be produced from the waste of the ivory-turner. The fact of the production of glue from the bones and other parts of fish, as well as that of the delicate and costly species of gelatine known as isinglass from the intestines of the sturgeon, is generally known.

The gelatine which is principally, if not universally, used in this country for the purposes of Art, is prepared from the skins of the animals of which the flesh is sold by the butchers and consumed on the table. All adherent fat, flesh, and hair, is carefully removed, and the most delicate portions of the skin are set aside to form the finer gelatine—the "refined isinglass" of Messrs. Nelson. It is now some thirty years since the father of the present manufacturer took out a patent for the process. The skins, when properly cleaned, are treated with caustic potash, and submitted to a certain degree of heat, in steam-jacketed vessels. Thus manipulated, the animal matter undergoes a change somewhat similar to the fusion of metallic ore. The cellular tissue is destroyed; and a liquid mass results, which is run out to cool, as iron is run from the furnace into pigs. A second melting, as in the case of iron, is resorted to before the gelatine is fully prepared.

The great demand for the article is for gastronomic purposes. The sheets are cut, by revolving knives, into ribbons or threads

of various degrees of fineness, much as the paste of wheat-flour is formed by the Italian manufacturer into the coarser macaroni and the finer vermicelli. The more delicate sort would, until carefully examined, be mistaken for Russian isinglass. Some little familiarity with the simple but effective processes by which the manufacture of macaroni is carried on in Southern Italy would have led the English manufacturers, long ere this, to abandon the use of the knife for the more economical and mechanical method of passing the gelatine through a metal plate bored with numerous holes of requisite diameter, and drying the pendent threads by a fan. Finer and more regular ribbons of gelatine might thus be produced, we venture to suggest, at a diminished cost.

Opaque, transparent, amber, brilliant, and isinglass gelatines are all produced, and that in enormous quantities, and used as the basis of soups, gravies, blanc-mange, jellies, and creams. The product, under the hands of the cook, is superior to that of calves' feet, which will not, when similarly treated, produce so delicate a gelatine as that which is made from the skin. The only difference between the gelatine used for photography and that used for cooking is, that the former is cast into thin, regular plates, while the latter is cut up into ribbons. It is, perhaps, the first time in the history of Art, since the *tibia* of the long-shanked water-birds was formed into an instrument of music, that the Art-manufacturer has robbed the cook.

We must refer those of our readers who take more interest in the culinary than in the artistic value of patent gelatine to the chemical opinions of Dr Andrew Ure, and to the advertisements of Mr. Nelson. No doubt they have long had an intimate practical acquaintance with the product. We trust that in the various treatment by chromate of potash, chrome alum, carbon, and other chemical agents to which the gelatine plates are subjected, the edible character of the substance is qualified. Otherwise, in case of a siege or a famine, we shall be in danger of having all our Autotypes and Woodbury-types converted into broth. The Heliotypes will alone remain, although their production will be arrested; but our gelatine records will share the fate of the mycological library of the great botanist, Elias Fries, whose large collection of dried fungi was devoured by hungry French invaders. It is to be hoped that they cooked the toadstools before eating them.

The properties by which gelatine invites the attention of the Art-workman are of the rarest and most valuable character. The mere fact of the easy manner in which a readily soluble substance may be made insoluble is one of which advantage may be taken in a hundred ways. When to this is added the rare property of sensibility to light, or rather to actinic influence, it becomes clear that gelatine is but in its artistic infancy. A material which it is possible to chase, engrave, emboss, and model with a delicacy that mocks the microscope, and without the touch of human hand, which may be poured into a mould like gum, and hardened until it will impress its own relief, in intaglio, on a solid metal plate, is one that promises obedience to other artificers besides the copyist of landscape or of portrait. Nothing would be more easy, for instance, than to construct beautiful caskets of plates of gelatine, covered with arabesques, foliage, medallions, or any other enrichment, by photographic aid, hardened into the likeness of amber, or covered with gold, or illuminated

with gorgeous colour. Ornamental book-binding, again has here a serviceable material ready for use. Personal decoration—in the use of brooches, bracelets, necklaces, or other ornaments, depending for their charm on the beauty of design and delicacy of ornamentation, and not on value of material—all branches of plastic decoration in which greater delicacy is sought than can be attained by the worker in papier-mâché—for all these and many other purposes gelatine will hereafter be available.

We mentioned in our second paper on Heliography that chrome-alum renders gelatine insoluble. The mere steeping of a plate of gelatine in a solution of this substance has that effect. Bichromate of potash, on the other hand, renders gelatine so sensitive to light that, on its exposure to the sunbeam, a change is effected similar to that produced by the direct action of chrome-alum. When treated successively by bichromate of potash and chrome-alum, gelatine becomes insoluble, but capable of absorbing a certain quantity of water, and thus increasing in bulk. It is this property which has been made available by the inventor of the Heliotype in this country, and of the Albert-type in Germany. In the Woodbury-type the same substance is used as a vehicle of colour, and the *chiar-oscuro* effects producible by gelatine-ink upon paper, and even upon glass, are some of the most lovely that have yet been permanently rendered by any means whatever.

As to the essential nature of the changes so readily produced in this organic product, science has as yet given no certain sound. The causes of the behaviour, often apparently capricious, of those compounds which lie on the limits which separate organic from inorganic chemistry, are extremely obscure. It is probably in this very province that the greatest triumphs of the chemist will one day be obtained. Already he has gone so far as to produce delicate flavours exactly resembling those of fruit from the very refuse of the organic structure. The great aim of the most thoughtful minds is to advance yet a further step in this direction. The grand problem before the chemist of the present day is to place the synthetical part of his science on the same level as the analytical province. Direct chemical synthesis is, indeed, even now attainable, as in the case of the production of water by burning oxyhydrogen gas. The greater part of the synthetic triumph of the chemist, however, is attained by the means of double decomposition. Each element, while always following a definite order of preference for every other element, is most ready to enter into composition when in a nascent state, before, so to speak, it is thoroughly aware of its own identity. But in those substances which have been combined by the subtle chemistry of life, whether animal or vegetable, we have a class of products altogether, as yet, beyond the formative power of the chemist. He may transform, as in the case of gelatine, but he cannot, as yet, directly combine. That the conditions which allow of the association of the elements of protoplasm, the basis of organic structure, are rare and rigid, may be deduced from the fact that the direct synthesis of simple elements into organic structure, in the crucible heated by the vital flame, appears to be beyond the power of Nature herself. While taking up flint, lime, phosphorus, and other elements into animal and vegetable structures, she can only feed and augment the cellular substance of which these structures mainly consist upon chemical combinations formed ready to her hand. She can extract the

carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and azote which, or some of which, form, in various proportions, not only gelatine, but the other elements of the living body, from water, ammonia, and carbonic acid. She cannot, so far as we know, assimilate them if directly presented to her. When, if ever, the time arrives that this secret of the Great Artificer is disclosed—when the chemist shall be able to make gelatine, fibrine, albumen, and other proximate elements of the living being, poverty will be at an end, and misery will bid fair to follow. For then we should be able to produce flour without aid of sun or soil, and broths for which no animal need be slaughtered. The attention which is now being paid to the use of gelatine, and especially to the influence of light upon its substance, is thus interesting to others besides the artist.

F. ROUBILLAC CONDER.

SHILLING ART-UNIONS.

THE administration of the country, whatever branch is responsible in the matter, is exercising a paternal interference in the matter of—*goose-clubs*. The wonted enlivenment of the Christmas week of many a country village—the customary raffle—is to be sternly forbidden, we are told, henceforth, by the men buttoned up in blue, acting under “superior authority.” As to the wisdom of this zeal for morality in humble life we do not profess to offer an opinion. One thing, however, is certain—the *goose-clubs* have not provoked Government repression, by advertising that they are held under Government authority. The shilling Art-Unions do this every day. The *goose-clubs* are purely local, spontaneous, neighbourly—with a strong dash of the charitable element in them. The shilling Art-Unions are entirely got up by advertisement; intangible, as to their directors and machinery, with more than a mixture of what the French call *exploitation* in them. The *goose-clubs*, if they do, indeed, infringe any law, do so in simple unacquaintance with the fact. The shilling Art-Unions, knowing how thoroughly they are opposed to the spirit, if not to the letter of legislation, hug themselves on the adroitness with which they make the negligence of the administration the main bait whereby they entrap the public. A little cheap credit may be obtained among some people by sharply snubbing this incipient form of rustic gambling. No such political capital appears to have suggested itself as readily available, by taking the steps demanded by public duty in the case of the shilling Art-Unions; and, therefore, they are allowed to go on and flourish. Very merrily they are at work. The other day placards, and advertisements, and flaming gas, and announcements in large letters “under Government authority,” induced us to enter one of these establishments. But we had our walk up for our pains. Nothing was to be seen there except the little scrap of paper announcing, in just the same language as last year, the drawing of 500 prizes “under Government authority.” But the “prize picture-gallery” was in quite another part of town. No specimens were to be seen at this office, which only took shillings on faith. We took the trouble of visiting the “prize picture-gallery.” We had been in the place before. The proprietors, however, had profited by our remarks on that occasion, for the number of specimens exhibited was greatly reduced, and, it is fair to add, their quality was somewhat improved. Not that this should be allowed to invalidate what we have previously urged. The essential features of the scheme are as objectionable as ever. The total absence of responsibility, the want of any check on the relation between the number of shillings taken and the value of prizes distributed, the beating up of the country for subscriptions, the parade of “Government authority” for a scheme the good faith of which it is so utterly impossible to verify—all this demands exposure and repression.

AMERICA.

FROM THE GROUP OF SCULPTURE BY JOHN BELL.

WE have for some time past been preparing a series of engravings from the allegorical sculptures that form a prominent feature in the ornamentation of the National Memorial of the late Prince Consort, in Hyde Park; while we reserve, till the completion of the work, whatever may be necessary to say concerning it as a whole.

The first of these groups is now introduced: it is that symbolising AMERICA, and is by John Bell, a sculptor whose works have long given him a leading position in his profession, and which this group, by its spirited and appropriate conception, and the vigorous yet refined manner of execution, cannot fail to increase.

The central figure represents AMERICA as a quarter of the globe, mounted on a bison, charging through the long prairie grass. Their advance is directed on the one side by the UNITED STATES, and on the other by CANADA, who presses the Rose of England to her bosom. The seated figures in the composition are MEXICO and SOUTH AMERICA. The details and emblems are as follows: the figure of America is of the Indian type; she is habited in native costume, and wears a feathered head-dress: the housings of her wild charger—a noble animal, by the way—are of the skin of a grisly bear. In her right hand is a stone-pointed lance, with Indian “totems” of the grey squirrel and humming-bird; and in her left she bears a shield with blazons of the principal divisions of the hemisphere—the eagle for the States; the beaver for Canada; the lone star for Chili; the volcanoes for Mexico; the alpaca for Peru; and the southern cross for Brazil. In the rear, aroused by the tread of the bison through the grass, is a rattlesnake.

The features of the figure representing the United States are of the North-American Anglo-Saxon type. Her tresses are surmounted by an eagle's plume and by a star, which is repeated on her baldric, and at the point of the sceptre in her right hand; while in her left is a wreath formed by leaves of the evergreen oak, as an emblem of the Northern States, and a blossom of the *Magnolia grandiflora* as that of the Southern. At her feet lies the Indian's quiver, with but one or two arrows in it.

Canada, who is habited in furs, shows features of a more English type. In her head-dress are woven the maple-leaf of the mainland, and the May-flower of Nova Scotia. In her right hand are ears of wheat—corn being one of her most important productions—and at her feet are a pair of snow-shoes, &c.

Mexico, a male figure, is characterised by a face somewhat of the Astec type: his emblems are a Mexican head-dress, staff, and feather-cincture; with the cochineal cactus at his feet. He is in the attitude of rising, restless and disturbed, from his panther's skin.

In the figure of South America, we appear to recognise the half-bred type, Indian and Spaniard: seated on a rock, he is habited in *sombrero* and *poncho*, and Indian girdle; in his left hand is the horseman's short carbine of the country, and in his right a lasso. Close to him is a Brazilian orchid, a horn of the wild cattle of the plains, &c.

It will be evident from these brief details how much of studied thought has been given to the entire composition.



AMERICA.

(THE ALBERT MEMORIAL. HYDE PARK.)

ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE. FROM THE GROUP IN MARBLE BY JOHN BELL.

LONDON. VIRTUE & CO.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

ON Saturday the 10th of December, being the one hundred and second year of the foundation of the Academy, Sir Francis Grant, President, distributed the prizes annually awarded to successful students. The recipients were—

Mr. Frederick Cottman; for the best Painting from the life.

Mr. Douglas Miller; for the best Drawing from the life.

Mr. E. Hughes; for the best Drawing from the antique.

Mr. Abel Thornycroft; for the best Restoration from the antique.

Mr. William Gair; for the best Copy of a painting by an old master—the subject, Reynolds's Portrait of Sir William Chambers.

Mr. Walter Lonsdale was awarded the Architectural Travelling Studentship, for his design for a National Mausoleum.

Mr. Henry Hall; for the best Architectural Drawing.

Mr. Abel Thornycroft; for the best Model from the antique.

Mr. F. Cottman; a prize of £10 for the best Drawing from the life done at the Academy during the year.

Some important changes are in course of arrangement in the constitution of the Academy: the number of the council is to be largely augmented, and the "hangers" will hereafter consist of six, instead of three, members. These are improvements by which the institution cannot but greatly benefit; while they will serve to assure the profession generally, and the public, that the Academy is disposed to make progress corresponding with the advancement of the age.

The second exhibition of loan pictures collected under the auspices of the Royal Academy will be brought together too late for us to give any indication of its contents in our present Number. We have, however, great satisfaction in being able to announce that it bids fair to excel even its very admirable predecessor. The replies received in response to the applications have been most gratifying. The utmost readiness has been evinced on the part of proprietors to allow the nation to participate, for a few weeks, in the advantage of their treasures. The arrangements made are liberal and judicious. The pictures offered for exhibition will be inspected before any offers are accepted. Thus the task of selection, always troublesome and often invidious, will be performed in the best and least obnoxious manner.

We regret to learn that Mr. Foley, R.A., is still suffering from the severe attack of pleurisy by which, for several weeks past, he has been completely invalidated. It is in consequence of the sculptor's illness that his model of the statue of the late Prince Consort in Hyde Park has been boarded up, to shield it from the weather.

A marble bust of the late Mr. MacDowell, R.A., has been presented to the Royal Academy, the gift of Mr. W. F. Woodington, sculptor, by whom it was executed and exhibited in the year 1862, in the old galleries, Trafalgar Square.

In consequence of the illness of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., the usual course of lectures on Architecture at the Royal Academy, as announced, will not be given this session. In place of such series Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A., will deliver two lectures on that subject; Dr. Meryon, one lecture on Beauty; and Professor Tyndall one lecture, the subject of which is not yet announced. It has also been reported that Mr. Street, A.R.A., is engaged to give a lecture or lectures.

The election of an Academician on the 30th ult., in the room of Mr. MacDowell, R.A., makes the fourth vacancy now existing, in the minimum number of twenty, in the class of Associates.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

MR. P. MAC DOWELL, R.A.—Last month we recorded the retirement of this eminent sculptor from the ranks of the Royal Academicians on account of ill-health; but we had no idea that his end was so near. He died on the 9th of December, at the age of seventy. The announcement was received too late for us to do more at the present time than record his decease.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has recently received the addition of a large and important picture by Cima da Conegliano (circa 1489-1541), one of the followers of Giovanni Bellini. The subject is 'The Incredulity of St. Thomas,' and may be called an enlarged version of the picture in the Academy of Venice, of which an engraving appeared in our July number of last year, in the notice of the "Picture-Galleries of Italy." The picture in Venice shows but three figures—those of Our Saviour, St. Thomas, and some ecclesiastical dignity in his sacerdotal robes; that in our National Gallery exhibits Christ surrounded by the eleven disciples: in both compositions the figures of Christ and St. Thomas are identical, or nearly so: the heads of the whole group in the former are very fine. In both, also, the background is architectural, with glimpses of landscape behind. We have not heard where or how this fine work was acquired, but it appears to have been well preserved, for the colouring is rich and brilliant: it has, however, been put into an unusually heavy, massive frame, the gilding of which overpowers all else: this "outward adorning," if it may so be called, is a grand mistake, and opposed to good taste.

MR. J. R. HERBERT is reported to be at work on a companion fresco to his 'Moses giving the Law on Mount Sinai,' in the Houses of Parliament. The subject selected is 'Daniel giving Judgment in the Case of Susannah and the Elders.' The artist, it is also said, hopes that he may make up a trio with a picture of 'Our Lord delivering the Sermon on the Mount.' No hint is given of the destination of these works, nor whether they are public or private commissions.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS has given notice that future directions of Associates will take place in March. The third Monday of the month is the day fixed for receiving the drawings of candidates.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours was opened on the 19th December—at too late a period of the month for it to receive notice in our columns.—Mr. James Fahey, son of the secretary of this society, has been elected an Associate-member.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION, at the gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, closed on the 3rd of December, having realised, as we hear, about £200 for the benefit of the Ventnor Hospital at Ventnor, the object of the exhibition.

THE CURATOR OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A testimonial has been presented to Mr. W. Holyoake by a number of artists and students, on his recent retirement from the curatorship of the Academy, a position he has held for some years with great efficiency. The testimonial, a most appropriate one, consisted of a folio of original sketches, and a selection of photographs of pictures by the old masters: accompanying it was an address numerously signed. The presentation was made at a supper given to Mr. Holyoake, over which Mr. Valentine Prinsep presided: among the company were

Messrs. G. D. Leslie, A.R.A., H. S. Marks, Hodgson, Wynfield, F. Holl, H. Friswell, H. J. Leigh, A. Graves, and others—literary men and artists.

THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.—The *Builder* says—"We hear with equal surprise and regret, that the chief commissioner is inviting tenders from sculptors for the completion of Mr. Stevens's monument. It is impossible wholly to exonerate Mr. Stevens from blame in this matter; but to suppose that any one but himself can satisfactorily complete his work is nonsense, and we suppose few sculptors will be found willing to attempt it." We, differing from our contemporary, hope that some one will be induced to undertake the work: if Mr. Stevens cannot, or will not, finish what was commenced nearly half a generation ago, it is high time that other hands should be sought after, to bring it to a conclusion.

MR. JAMES PENNETHORNE, architect to the Board of Works, has received the honour of knighthood from the hand of the Queen.

THE EAST LONDON MUSEUM, of which a portion of the temporary buildings at South Kensington formed the nucleus, is approaching completion, and will, it is expected, be open during the year.

THE EXHIBITION IN AID OF THE FRENCH PEASANTRY opens at too late a period of the month to enable us to pass it under review. It cannot be otherwise than a large success: for many British artists are contributors, as well as a number of leading painters of France. All the works are gifts, to be disposed of in augmentation of the fund: the receipts will be added to the sums subscribed; and these already amount to nearly £1,000—the Duke of Wellington presenting £100. Alas! the moneys thus collected will go but a small way to alleviate the misery the war has brought to the peasantry of France: yet even a little help is better than none. It will be a duty to assist this exhibition; but, independent of the claims thus made on the benevolent, we cannot doubt that it will be greatly attractive.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES, at Putney, has, through the liberality of one of its warmest supporters, become what may not inappropriately be termed a "picture-gallery." A gentleman—one whose delight is to "do good by stealth," and would therefore not care to see his name publicly associated with an act of most thoughtful benevolence, though we may be allowed to speak of him as the "treasurer" of the hospital—has presented to it as many as four-hundred chromolithographs of the best kind, which he has had put into handsome frames, and hung round the walls of every apartment in the building where the afflicted patients lie helpless; or, if able to move about, where they are accustomed to assemble. It is not easy to imagine with what pleasure these beautiful transcripts of nature are viewed by the inmates, not a few of whom are incapable of seeing anything beyond the walls of the rooms in which, amid pain and suffering, they are, in all probability, destined to pass the remainder of their wearisome lives. Melrose Hall, the name of the hospital, would well repay a visit; it is most beautifully situated, and is open to the public any day of the week. There are many vacant rooms the committee would most thankfully fill did its finances permit, and the afflicted in all parts of the country are craving for admission by hundreds; for there is no distinction of locality, or sect, or creed, to render any candidate ineligible: he or she must be simply pronounced incur-

able—what a condition only to think of!—by medical authority. We have no doubt the donor of the pictures already there, would only be too glad to decorate the now empty apartments as he has those which are occupied. There are, we know, one or two other hospitals in the metropolis that have received gifts somewhat similar; but none, so far as our observation extends, which can point to such a munificent donation as that we now record.

BIJOUTERIE AND ENAMEL.—The deplorable state of affairs in France has thrown upon our shores a variety of productions for which there exists no longer at present a market in that unhappy country. Among, to us, the most interesting of these *envois* are the magnificent examples of jewellery and enamel received from Paris, which in the manufacture of such luxuries stands alone. For richness, variety, and elegance of design, those exhibited at the establishment of Mr. Phillips, 23, Cockspur Street, surpass all we have yet seen; and it is due to Mr. Phillips's taste to say, that for his own works, in order to secure the perfection of beautiful and classical design, he has extended his researches to some of the most famous museums of the Continent. Paris is the great modern school of enamel, and its artists have just succeeded in reviving the Art to a degree of excellence unprecedented, when the present posture of affairs may occasion a lapse from which it may not recover, even under the most favourable circumstances, in a quarter of a century. The *cloisonnés* enamels, by Lepec, are the most perfect examples of the Art, consisting of necklaces, pendants, brooches, ear-rings, lockets, &c., with central fields of lozenge-shape, or other forms, of the most delicate colours, serving as backgrounds for small painted figures, modifications and copied originals from the Greek, Pompeian, and Etruscan. In the International Exhibition of 1867, there was a marked recurrence in furniture and articles of personal ornament to the taste of the periods of Louis XVI. and the First Empire. We find this feeling continued in these ornaments, but with a superiority of workmanship and a luxuriance of fanciful adaptation which former periods never attained. We cannot give preference by description to even one of these works, for each, with its strongly marked national features, comes forward with its own peculiar history, inasmuch that all, by their eclectic worth, rise to a high standard. The French do not generally carry out their imitations to the severity of exactitude; there is most commonly some surcharge which gives to their inspirations from the antique Greek more than a strong French accent; or renders their Egyptian, not of such and such a dynasty, but of the First or Second Empire. On the other hand, however, the works of Mr. Phillips are, as it may be, conscientious reproductions of the Greek, Egyptian, this or that Roman period, Indian, Persian, Indo-Persian, Scandinavian, Early British, &c.—for all these "styles" are represented. M. Lepec, the more than famous enamellist, is—not compulsorily, but patriotically—in the ranks of the Gardes Mobiles, and thus, with such men in the ranks of her defenders, France risks an element of value which she may not recover in half a century.

FRENCH PICTURES.—Another exhibition of pictures by French artists has been opened at the German Gallery, New Bond Street. It contains many works of much interest and value; among them being examples of the genius of Delacroix, Diaz, Isabey, Ingres, and Troyon—not, how-

ever, the best productions of these great masters; works by Rousseau, Jules Dupré, Regnault, Thirion, Hamon, Delaunay, and others, are of a more attractive order. The collection is, on the whole, interesting, and no doubt will prove tempting to collectors. The leading pictures are, however, for the most part dismal in subject and large in size, and only suitable for galleries.

THE FRIENDS of the late Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman Besley, have subscribed for, and voted, a testimonial to that gentleman, which, according to resolution, is to be a portrait of himself. To execute this work, the managing committee has commissioned Mr. J. Edgar Williams: it is a life-sized half-length, and when we saw it the head was all but finished, and although the sitter was to appear in the robes of civic state, there were as yet no indications of this. The head is life-like and vigorous, painted with firmness and solidity, and the expression is animated and argumentative. On the publication of this announcement the portrait will have been finished, or nearly so. The works in Mr. Williams's studio amply justify the committee in having given him the commission. However difficult it is to originate in portraiture, there is yet much of novelty in the works we saw on our visit to the painter's studio; not so much in making them pictures, as in conveying into them the zest that bespeaks study, and removes them from the beaten path of portrait-painting. Among the most striking of those we noticed were portraits of the Countess of Dudley; her sister, Mrs. Forbes, of Newe; Lady Augusta and the Hon. John Fienes, and the child of the latter—these were all grouped in a boat. There were also portraits of the Right Honourable Stephen Cave, Mr. Martin Tupper, and of other persons known in public life.

ENAMELLING.—This art is very much simplified by a process in use and shown at Mr. Solomon's, in Red Lion Square; according to which it is not necessary that the operator have any skill in its practice; but, on the other hand, if he or she possesses any experience in drawing and painting, this new method opens a field of practice much more extensive than that at the command of the unartistic aspirant. When it is said that the designs are worked out on a photographic base, it will be at once understood there remains only a brief course of nice manipulation admirably adapted to be carried out by the hands of ladies. The first desideratum in this process is a perfectly clear, positive photographic image on an ordinary glass taken from a figure, an object, or a locality. The subject must be transferred to a second glass prepared with a film of a particular composition sensitised with bichromate of potass. The image is communicated by means of an ordinary pressure-frame, with an exposure to sunlight of from half a minute to a minute, under blue sky, of three to five minutes, and before the spirit-lamp with the electrical ribbon, of from thirty to forty seconds. In the development of the subject, the process diverges entirely from ordinary photographic procedures. The plate having been prepared for development, this part of the process is effected by brushing over the film surface a very fine black powder, until the subject is perfectly defined through all its lines and markings. This black powder, it may be mentioned, is a mineral compound used in ceramic work. It may consist of oxide of copper and oxide of manganese, &c., or of other components; and the adhesion of this powder, so as to define the subject, is occa-

sioned by the lines and markings remaining moist after exposure, by a proportion of sugar having been employed in the preparation of the film. The subject having been properly developed, the next proceeding is to remove it from the plate or glass on which it has been so far worked. This is done by immersing it in water slightly acid, when the film will leave the glass; and, while yet in the water, may be transferred to an enamel tablet; after which, and when dry, it is submitted to the action of the furnace, whereby the collodion is driven off, and the form is burnt into the enamel tablet. It is not necessary that the subject remain simply black and white—any tint may be given to it. The *rationale* is not a novelty of to-day; but the value of this method of enamelling is its perfect simplicity, and the adjustment of appliances and means towards rendering it an elegant art for ornamentation of many objects.

THE POLYTECHNIC.—Among the amusements at this popular place of entertainment is a series of pictures of some of the battle-fields of the present war, orally described by Professor Pepper, which convey to the visitor very accurate ideas as well of the sites of different battles as of the manner in which this fearfully internecine struggle is carried on, and of many matters whereof we read daily without the means of forming any just conception. The pictures are preceded by portraits of the Emperor and Empress, the King of Prussia and the Crown Prince, Prince Frederick Charles, Counts Moltke and Bismark, and Marshal Bazaine. The first picture is a broad and comprehensive view of the scene of the affair at Saarbrück, with the heights of Specheren, where the Prussians worked their artillery with such destructive effect. This is succeeded by a representation of the burning of the camp at Chalons; and after that, the last charge of the French cuirassiers before Sedan, the retreat of the French infantry into Sedan, and the Prussian army before the walls of Sedan. The small house is shown before which were arranged by Count Bismark and the Emperor the terms of the surrender: we see the two chairs occupied by them during their discussion. After this the Chateau of Belleville is shown, where the Emperor and the King of Prussia met and concluded the surrender. The series includes large reproductions of certain French pictures well known to the public, as 'The Two Friends,' 'Waiting the Attack,' 'After the Attack,' and 'Returning Victorious'—in which an officer appears at the head of a column saluted and cheered by spectators of other regiments. There is also a Prussian officer heading a charge; and a scene illustrating the enthusiasm of the Prussian soldiers, who surround the king and press forward to kiss his hand. In other pictures are represented ambulances and their attendants, with cities which will become celebrated in the history of this fearful war; and what are especially interesting, pictures of the mitrailleuse and other weapons used by both nations, supplemented by representations of the Gatling gun, &c., &c. The manner in which the whole is got up is fully worthy of the fame of the Polytechnic entertainments; and the pictures and photographs convey to the mind that truth which approaches nearest to a knowledge of the reality. For the perfection of the pictures and the descriptions of the various scenes the institution is much indebted to the assistance of M. Paul de Katow; and of Mr. Nottage, director of the London Stereoscopic Company.

REVIEWS.

PUNCESTOWN, 1868: THE ROYAL VISIT. Painted by HENRY BARRAUD; engraved by T. S. SANGER. Published by CRANFIELD, Dublin.

It is so rare to meet a good engraving nowadays, that we cordially welcome this print: it is highly to the credit of the Dublin publisher who has issued it, to the artist by whom it has been produced, and to the engraver by whom the picture has been multiplied. Mr. Cranfield is an enterprising publisher: he does "his best" to promote Art in Ireland; and if Art does not prosper there, it is not his fault. At least, he does as much as our English publishers do: that is no great deal, certainly; but if circumstances in the sister-country were as auspicious as they are here, we believe he would minister more effectually to the public want of good prints than our English print-sellers do—they have nearly all limited their supply of Art to photographic copies of old things, and make no move to supply the world with results of the genius of engravers. We have, indeed, no publisher of prints in England; and as France may now, unhappily, be considered as closed to us, we may look for very few engravings for some years to come.

Mr. Cranfield took advantage of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, and his presence at the Puncestown Races, to commemorate an interesting event. On that occasion, the leading aristocracy of Ireland was assembled; nearly all its men of mark were present; and it was a right, as well as a good, idea to give a series of portraits of them. They are on the field, underneath the "grand stand," in which are seated the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Abercorn, and the ladies of the Irish court; on foot or on horseback are upwards of a hundred noblemen and gentlemen, whose names are well and honourably known in Ireland, a large proportion of them being officers of the army. Although the figures are small the portraits may be easily recognised. The horses and riders are preparing for the start; the grouping and general arrangement are happily managed. As a "sporting print" of the higher order, this is undoubtedly one of the very best. It cannot have failed of welcome to the persons portrayed, and may be accepted generally as an excellent work of Art, and an agreeable acquisition to all lovers of field-sports—of that sport to which the British people is especially attached.

SPANISH PICTURES: drawn with Pen and Pencil. By the Author of "Swiss Pictures," &c. With Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ and other eminent artists. Published by the RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

This is a very interesting and instructive book, full of useful matter, and abounding in pictures, some of a high class. It tells us "all about Spain;" describes the country, the people, the architectural glories, the games, the occupations, the customs of Spain as it is, with some helps to understand the kingdom in the days of its now departed glory—we may add, of its time of degradation and shame, for something is said concerning the "Invincible" Armada and the "Holy" Inquisition. Perhaps the pencil has done more than the pen to make the volume an attraction—the engravings are admirably executed; some of them, indeed, are of the very highest merit as works of Art.

Taken altogether, the volume will be considered one of the leading favourites of the season, and may be strongly recommended as a desirable gift-book for the young.

GEMS OF FRENCH ART: a Series of Carbon Photographs. Edited by W. B. SCOTT. Published by ROUTLEDGE AND SONS.

Messrs. Routledge have issued few publications this year: that is unfortunate, for their resources are abundant. This volume is evidence of their capabilities: beautifully printed and gracefully bound, it forms one of the most attractive gift-books of the season, and may adorn any drawing-

room table in the realm. It contains sixteen examples of the great artists of France—Frère, Vernet, Ingres, Robert, Delaroche, Gérôme, Meissonier, Rosa Bonheur, and eight others. Copies of their most popular pictures have been produced by the "carbon process," and each is accompanied by descriptive and biographic letter-press from the pen of W. B. Scott—an artist who holds prominent rank as an author.

THE COAST OF NORWAY. By ELIJAH WALTON. The Descriptive Letter-press by the REV. T. G. BONNEY, M.A. Published by M. THOMPSON, Pall Mall.

For many years, we have seen no book so interesting or so beautiful as this: it recalls indeed the palmy days of Art-publications, such as long ago obtained circulation among genuine Art-lovers, who did not consider that works of merit could be produced by the thousand at low prices that brought them within reach of "the million." Although it is, no doubt, a great advantage to have good things cheap—and of such there is no lack—it is matter for earnest rejoicing that, occasionally, a production of high value should be produced at corresponding cost. Yet the price of four guineas is a small price for the exquisite assemblage of twelve chromolithographs, any one of which might be accepted as an original drawing. We lose all idea that to the printer, as well as the painter, we are indebted for such charming transcripts of nature.

Many of our readers are acquainted with Mr. Walton's pictures of scenery in Norway: they have been exhibited, and have obtained large popularity. He has selected the best and most interesting of them, issued them as fac-similes, joined with them valuable explanatory letter-press, and bound the whole together with much taste—and the result is a volume seldom surpassed in interest and beauty at any period of our Art-history.

Norway has, of late, been much visited by Englishmen. To those who have travelled in that grand country of natural wonders, the work is a great boon, but not to them only. The book will find favour among all who can appreciate the magnificence of nature and the excellent in Art. "The Coast of Norway is the most remarkable in Europe, perhaps in the world. A belt of islands, almost numberless, fringes its western side, and protects its ice-worn fells from the ocean surge. Through these the traveller threads his way, almost without a break, from the Naaze of Norway to the North Cape. Here and there a great inlet—called a fjord—pierces far into the mountain mass that forms so much of the western coast; in whose sheltered nooks nature wears a more smiling aspect than on the barren seaboard." The passage we quote introduces the volume. We cannot doubt that the enterprising travellers (the artist and the man-of-letters) will find their labours appreciated: their reward will not only be honour, but the more substantial, if less enviable, recompense that attends success.

WONDERS OF EUROPEAN ART. By LOUIS VIARDOT. Illustrated with Sixteen Reproductions by the Woodbury Permanent Process and Eleven Wood-Engravings. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO.

This book, a translation from the French, is a brief history of the principal continental schools of painting, with the exception of the Italian, which appeared in a separate volume about a year ago. Commencing with the Spanish school, those of Germany, Flanders, Holland, and France follow in succession. Why that of England does not appear in the list we do not quite understand; unless, as the translator hopes, M. Viardot may devote a distinct volume to the subject, which is not very probable, seeing he has bracketed the artists of his own country with those of other lands. Had he limited his examination to the works of the old masters, the omission of England would be intelligible; but he introduces French painters who, though not living at the present time, were contemporaneous with our generation, as Horace Vernet, Delacroix, Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Overbeck,

Ingres, and others; and British Art has produced some "wonders" not unworthy of being placed in the same category with the productions of these well-known men.

Those who have carefully studied the epochs of painting and the lives of the artists who have risen to eminence will find little new in what M. Viardot says: to others we can recommend his book as a trustworthy and intelligent digest of the subject. The critical remarks are characterised by taste and judgment, and his descriptions of pictures are lucid and free from unnecessary verbiage. Of the illustrations we may remark that the majority of those produced by the photographic process are really good, and some of the wood-engravings are gems.

COLLECTS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Published by MACMILLAN & CO.

This is, beyond question, the most beautiful book of "the season." The collects are the most perfect examples of short prayers. It is somewhat strange that no one has heretofore thought of subjecting them to illustration by Art. The subject is yet open; for in this case Art is limited to floral emblems—each collect being accompanied by either leaves or flowers, often flowers closely associated with the fast or festival commemorated. Thus, for Innocent's-day we have the snowdrop; for St. Peter's-day the water-lily; for St. Andrew's-day the thistle, and so on. The flowers are charmingly printed in colours, and are obviously drawn from nature. Moreover, the binding is exceedingly graceful. On the whole, a book more attractive or more perfect has very rarely issued from the press.

TALES FROM CHAUCER, IN PROSE. By CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE. Published by LOCKWOOD & CO.

A second edition of this book will receive a cordial welcome, with its pretty and pleasant wood-cuts, a portrait on steel, and a brief, yet comprehensive biography of the "father of English poetry." It was a good thought to make Chaucer readable by the young, to tell in prose the fine tales that are with difficulty comprehended in "the original." The work has been well done by an accomplished writer, who is thoroughly master of the subject.

THE RICHES OF CHAUCER. Published by LOCKWOOD & CO.

This book is also edited by the same estimable author—Charles Cowden Clarke—and this also is a second edition—a good sign in an age of mediocrities. To the mere scholar it may be less welcome than it would have been if the "impurities" were retained, the spelling was not "modernised," the rhythm not "accentuated," even the obsolete terms not "explained;" but to the general public—to nine-tenths of English readers, indeed—Mr. Clarke has supplied a boon of magnitude, for he has made the grand old poet easy of comprehension to all. Farther, it is only requisite to state that the book is very beautifully printed: the volume being one of a most attractive order in all respects.

WORK AMONG THE LOST. By the Author of "Home Thoughts for Mothers," "Mothers' Meetings." Published by W. MACINTOSH.

This is a very different class of book from those that crowd our Christmas table, where the tale, the poem, the novel, the wild adventure, and, above all, the beautifully-illustrated and brilliantly-bound children's books are full of the early blossoms of life.

This record of a good woman's labours in the cause of both temperance and chastity stands high above all others in testimony of what has been done, and can be done, by an earnest, sincere worker, believing and hoping that "all things work together for good to those who love the Lord."

It is a record of what has been done, and is doing, at ALBION HILL HOME. To bring about what has there been accomplished, the author

has laboured—at first single-handed—for sixteen years: but her endeavours have been of late greatly assisted; and even now, when the resources of charity are directed into other channels, we know there is still "balm in Gilead," and that provision will be made to feed the hungry and receive back those who have wandered from the fold—"where there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."

THE LAND OF THE SUN: Sketches of Travel, with Memoranda, Historical and Geographical, of Places of Interest in the East, visited during many Years' Service in Indian Waters. By LIEUT. C. R. LOW. Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

Under the above attractive title we have a narrative, by a retired officer of her Majesty's Indian navy, of his expeditions when on active service to a variety of Eastern localities, many of which are but little visited, except by mariners, and are therefore comparatively unknown. Such, for example, are the islands of Perim; the country of the Sormaulies, on the eastern coast of Africa; the Andaman Islands; several places on the shores of the Persian Gulf; the islands of Karak and Keuk, within the confines of the Gulf. Other places, better known, are also described by the author, as Aden, Busorah, Bagdad, &c. Lieutenant Low's "cruises" are very far from being devoid of incident, being varied with adventure and interest which may be accepted as not merely a "sailor's yarn." The political and social bearing of much that met his observation, especially with respect to the slave-trade carried on in Africa, gives to his book something more than a simple record of travel. The opening of the Suez Canal must have a great and beneficial influence on the commerce of Great Britain; and information may be gleaned from these pages that will be serviceable to our mercantile community.

CRIS FAIRLIE'S BOYHOOD. A Tale of an Old Town. By MRS. EILOART. Published by FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

The point of this interesting and ably written book is given by the author in her preface: it has been written "in the hope that the fun and adventure permeating its pages may inculcate a hopeful, trusting spirit—the spirit that teaches us in the darkest hour to do our best to help ourselves and others;" and the motto chosen is this:

"God helps those who help themselves."

It is a long story, somewhat drawn out, and we may doubt if Mrs. Eiloart writes as well for boys and girls as she does for men and women. She is an author of great ability, and of much well-earned popularity; but there is a "knack" in producing books for the young which seems to be a natural rather than an acquired gift. The high moral tone of this volume is unquestionable: the task she set herself is ably worked out.

OLD MERRY'S ANNUAL, 1871. Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

More than 750 pages of excellent matter is here collected and arranged for young people, who may study it with pleasure and profit. Its principal attractions are the stories,—written, for the most part, by authors of ability and popularity: but the pretty book is full of information on various topics important and interesting.

LIGHTHOUSES AND LIGHTSHIPS. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Published by NELSON AND SONS.

This is an agreeable and useful book. The title sufficiently explains the contents. It treats of lighthouses in all parts of the world, foremost among them being those that protect our own shores. It is descriptive, historic, and "anecdotic;" and may be read for information as well as pleasure.

THE SEA AND ITS WONDERS. By MARY AND ELIZABETH KIRBY. Published by NELSON AND SONS.

This book, on the other hand, depends mainly for success on the number and excellence of the illustrations: they are of the very best order, carefully drawn and admirably engraved. The sisters—whose names have been so long and so honourably associated in efforts to improve and strengthen young minds by bringing them into intercourse with Nature—have by no means exclusively depended for the popularity of their volume on its works of Art. Information is conveyed most agreeably and effectually on the many topics incident to the grand subject; not only as to dwellers in the sea and the produce of its vast gardens; but concerning trade-winds, currents, the cyclone, rain and dew, and a hundred other matters that give light to the whole. The accomplished authors have bent their minds so that they may be in harmony with the minds of the young who are to be taught; yet there is nothing low or mean in their "style;" while a marvellous amount of knowledge is often condensed into a page.

THE BROAD, BROAD OCEAN. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. Published by FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

Mr. Jones has given us a volume of very great interest. The table of contents occupies twenty pages: we question whether they might not have been better filled; but a mere glance will suffice to show that nearly every topic connected with the broad, broad ocean has received treatment at the author's hands. It is of course full of anecdotes: stories are told of perils, escapes, adventures, and a thousand marvels of the sea; and they are well and pleasantly told. The author has studied his theme carefully, has read largely, and thought deeply. Seldom has a book of the kind been better done. It is illustrated, but not extensively.

OUR FEATHERED COMPANIONS. By the Rev. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A. Published by S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO.

This book is also very beautifully illustrated; as, indeed, are all the publications issued by the firm: aids are derived from the best artists and the best engravers. In no productions of any price can there be found better Art-work of its kind. Yet here we have a hundred woodcuts, many of them large, at a cost of five shillings. The letter-press is as good as the Art, and that is saying much. Mr. Jackson made his way to public favour by "Our Dumb Companions," a Christmas gift of last year: here, although the subject is not quite so interesting, he establishes the position he has obtained.

AUNT LOUISA'S HOME COMPANION. Published by FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

Some of the old stories of our childhood have been skilfully put together and illustrated by large coloured prints, well drawn—they are, indeed, good and sound examples of Art, through somewhat gaudy in colour, and designed to please the eye of the uninitiated. The pretty book is, however, designed for the very young: it is printed in large clear type, and is neatly bound.

WHISPERS FROM FAIRY LAND. By G. P. D. Published by MITCHELL AND HUGHES.

This is a new edition of a most charming little book; written in a style easy and graceful; and teaching very valuable lessons to the young. Within the compass of fifty pages we know of no fairy tales at once so interesting, amusing, and instructive.

ZIGZAGGING AMONGST DOLOMITES. Published by LONGMAN & CO.

This book will amuse many a fire-side at the dull, yet merry, season of the year: it is a production of much ability; recalling, and not to its advantage, Doyle's "Tour up the Rhine," it lacks the racy humour and broad character of its predecessor. Imitations are not to be com-

mended; and this is one—at least it is the old idea revived; but the route is different, the personages are new, and the artist is certainly an *artist*: he sketches with great facility; evidently he has filled his note-book as he went along; and the result is a most pleasant gathering together of observations and thoughts.

THE ROCK LIGHT. By ELEANORA LOUISA HERVEY. Published by FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

We do not well know how our young friends may feel, but we have read this book with much interest; indeed, we are not quite certain if it is intended as a contribution to the juvenile literature of the approaching season, or composed for the especial amusement of the "general reader." The incidents are well arranged; the story increases in interest to the end.

The tale is told by "Rose," a girl who introduces herself at sixteen, and up to that period has never left the light-house, which was kept by her uncle. We will not spoil the narrative, by dwelling on any particular scenes, but cordially recommend it to our readers.

ADRIPT ON THE SEA; OR, THE CHILDREN'S ESCAPE. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. With Illustrations. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

Mrs. Norris has established her reputation as one of the most amusing writers of juvenile books: her pages are always full of vitality, and she bounds on with a story from first to last.

The character of Arthur—who imagined he would be considered a man if he could smoke, and endured much suffering in consequence—is well developed; and we cannot but say that we regret it is so true to life. Precocious boys are the plagues of many households; and Master Arthur, while receiving the lessons he so well deserved, was the cause of much danger and suffering to his family. "Adrift on the Sea" is especially a book for boys, but girls can read and enjoy it. It is certainly one of the best, if not the best, of Mrs. Norris's stories.

ODD STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS. By the Author of "Neptune." With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

This is a valuable little book for the nursery: the anecdotes are told in short words, and great ingenuity has been shown in extending them into tales. It is needless to say that as the illustrations are by Harrison Weir, they are truthful to the life—a matter of much importance in juvenile books.

"Nep running off with the umbrella" is worthy of a place in one of our exhibitions: it is exquisitely comic. What a delight it will be to the favoured little one who is presented with this book, to bring it to the drawing-room to show "mamma."

THE FIRE-SIDE STORIES OF IRELAND. By PATRICK KENNEDY. Published by MACGLASHIN AND GILL, Dublin.

This is an interesting collection of Tales of various kinds and times. Several are well-known to us; but to the English readers of the present period they will be quite new: we can recommend them to the "Fire-sides" of our friends. Mr. Kennedy has been an indefatigable labourer in Irish literature, and deserves well of his country.

WALTER'S ESCAPE; OR, THE CAPTURE OF BREDÁ. By J. B. LIEPDE. Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

An admirable book for boys: full of adventure; exciting enough to interest greatly the young who read it, yet by no means unwholesomely so; for all that is recorded may have happened, and truth is not sacrificed to fiction. The illustrations are well engraved, and may be accepted as valuable examples of good Art.

